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INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS**

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Licensing Inquiries: LICENSING@FFN.COM
International Subscriptions:
HTTP://INTL.PENTHOUSE.COM

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Los Angeles, CA
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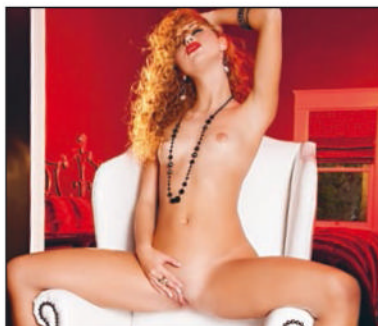
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May/December Affairs letters





**BLOND BOY TOY MAKES
THE FIRST MOVE TO LIGHT
THIS COUGAR'S NIGHT**

I would have done him back in the early nineties. That's what I thought when I first caught sight of the handsome blond boy toy at the bar. Yes, if I'd been twenty-two instead of forty-two, I'd have giggled at his side like all the other girls lined up against the chrome counter. I saw the brunette to his left flipping her hair in that way women do to let a man know they want something he's got to give. Then there was the redhead at his right who kept tripping her fingers up and down the stem of her glass, as if to silently indicate she'd rather be fingering his cock. But I sat there without flirting, quietly sipping my wine. I wasn't in the mood to play games. I'm not in that

mood very often anymore.

This is why I was surprised when a fresh drink showed up in front of me, as if by magic.

"From him," the waiter said, indicating the boy I'd written off as too young, too green, too rough around the edges.

I lifted the drink in his direction, toasting him with a silent "cheers." He took that as an invitation and walked to my table.

"I hope you don't mind me saying, but you're the prettiest girl in the bar."

I tilted my head up at him. I hadn't been called a girl in more than a decade.

"Woman," he corrected himself, and then he blushed and stammered

decades your senior, as I obviously was.

"And you are?" I prompted him.

"Mick," he said.

"Have a seat, Mick."

He sat across from me and smiled. I saw those girls watching us from behind him. I could practically hear their voices in my head: *What does she have that we don't have?* Well, dolls, I wanted to tell them, I've got experience. That's what I've got. The boy seemed to understand that. I considered my options. We could chitchat, do our best to converse, behave in the manner that is socially acceptable. Or we could cut to the chase. I chose the latter.

"Would you like to go home with

He had some
experience, after all. I let him know
I liked what he was doing
by moaning and bucking my hips.

at the same time as he attempted to ask my name. I held out a hand to him, supremely aware that the chickadees at the bar were beside themselves over the fact that an older woman had managed to capture their stud's attention.

"I'm May," I said. "Thank you for the drink."

"May," he repeated. And I could hear him trying to keep from making a joke, like, "May I take you home?" or "May I have this dance?" He seemed slightly cowed by our age difference, but I decided to reward him for his nerve. It takes confidence to approach a stranger in a bar—especially when you're in your early twenties, as he obviously was, and the object of your affection is two

me?" I asked Mick. He couldn't have stood up more quickly or pulled out my seat for me in a more gentlemanly manner. I stood and walked toward the exit, past the bar girls. They were the visual portrayal of that cliché—that is to say, their jaws dropped. I strode by them with a smile as Mick and I left the bar together.

At my car, Mick hesitated.

"Do you want to drive with me or follow me home?" I asked him.

He answered by climbing into the passenger seat of my sports car. I took this as a good sign. I've earned the respect that goes with my age and status as a successful woman. I like to be in charge—whether that means behind the wheel or beneath the sheets. I took Mick home, and I

set the tone immediately. From the second we walked through the door, I had him against the wall. I was kissing him, and I smiled when he let me. He didn't make a move that I didn't foresee. I gripped his hand and led him to the bedroom, where I undressed him. He was practically trembling with lust, and I loved every second. Men his age can have such beautiful bodies. Mick quite clearly worked out, and his chest was rippled with muscles; his stomach was flat and lean. But what I wanted to see most was his hard cock.

Pure sweet delight. I sucked him for several moments, and then pulled back and told him to strip off the rest of his clothes. I slid out of my jersey dress and positioned myself on the bed.

Missionary may be old-fashioned, but I wanted to watch him while he fucked me. He climbed onto the mattress, and I grasped his thick dick in my hand and guided him to the opening of my shaved slit.

"May," he murmured as I pulled him inside. "Oh, God, May."

He found his bearings then and



As I worked the buckle on his belt, Mick sighed. He seemed to be acting as if this were a dream, as if he might wake up at any moment, home alone in bed. He stayed so still, not daring to move as I undid the buckle and opened his jeans. But then there was movement as his cock sprang upward. I leaned forward and took the head into my mouth, and Mick groaned. That touch—my hungry mouth on his rock-hard cock—seemed to prove to him that this was, in fact, real. He jerked his hips, and I took more of his shaft into my throat.

began to work me in the most delicious rhythm. I was pleasantly surprised when he used one hand between our bodies to tease my clit. So he had some experience, after all. I let him know I liked what he was doing by moaning and bucking my hips up to meet his.

"You feel so good," I told him.

Part of me was bemused this was actually happening. When I'd gone into the bar for an after-work drink, I'd never thought I'd end the evening getting fucked by the hottest guy there. Somehow, I kept my compo-

sure as long as possible, not losing control until he pinched my clit between his thumb and forefinger in the exact rhythm that he was filling me up with his cock. His thrusts and pinches were perfectly timed and destined to get me off. I wrapped my legs around him and held on for the rest of the ride.

"I'm so close," I whispered as the climax threatened to overtake me.

"Come, baby, come."

I was impressed when Mick made sure I got off first. The men I've been with in their early twenties have gen-

passed the intensity of the first.

Afterward, he held me in his arms, and I felt myself drifting off. I loved the sense of well-being I had in his big arms, how safe I felt. Sometimes you want to be taken care of—even tough cookies like me. I was nearly dreaming when he nuzzled me with his chin and said, "I'm so glad I didn't have to use a line on you. I saw you come in to the bar, and I wanted to take you home immediately. But I didn't think you'd fall for any of my tricks. You seemed too . . ."

"Old?" I teased.



erally not had such finesse. But he held on, commendably, as I moaned and shivered beneath him. Maybe it was because he'd chosen me over all the other females in the bar, or maybe because I hadn't expected to be spending my Thursday night being so fabulously fucked, but I couldn't remember a time in recent history when a lover had made me feel so good. Only when my orgasm had fully subsided did he pound his pleasure into me, grinding his hips and sending me on a second bed-shaking climax that actually sur-

"No. Smart."

"What do you usually say to girls you want to go home with?" I asked him. I could see his cock was getting hard again. God love men in their twenties.

"Come here often?" he said, blushing as he had at the bar.

I smiled at him. "I hope you do," I replied, climbing on top of him and getting ready for round two. "I hope you come here . . . and come . . . as often as you'd like."

*Ms. May S.,
Santa Fe, New Mexico*
PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS

YOUNGER WOMAN GETS WHAT SHE WANTS FROM A DASHING OLDER MAN

I've always gone for older guys. When I met Derrick, I knew I wanted him. At least fifteen years my senior, he was big and burly and had the quiet confidence that said he'd been around and seen a lot and not much rattled him. Few things are sexier than that, except for actual sex—which was on my agenda about six minutes after we met.

I tried to lure him home from the party that night. He politely refused an invite to my bed, saying, "I doubt I'm what you're looking for."

He was wrong, and one look in his eyes said he knew it. But he was being a gentleman, giving the younger woman a chance to back out of her flirting, in case the attraction was due to booze and the party atmosphere.

It was definitely not due to booze nor the party atmosphere.

Before I left the party, I cornered our host Kevin and demanded the scoop on Derrick. The next day would bring a brand-new chance to seduce the tall, bulky man with salt-and-pepper hair that was turning a wee bit more salt than pepper. Probably forty-something to my freshly minted twenty-five, he starred in my late-night masturbation fantasy, and it was good. I woke up refreshed and ready to snag myself an older man.

A few hours later, I was knocking on his door. "Hey, now. What are you doing here?"

"Easy. I wanted to find you." I managed to push myself just inside his doorway so he couldn't shut the door on me, should he be inclined to try.

"Still think I'm your type?" He didn't back up when I moved forward. He stood his ground, towering over me and filling the doorway. Up close like this, I could see the bits of chocolate and silver and almost black stubble

BEST

peeking through his skin.

"I *know* it."

"You're too young."

"I'm twenty-five," I said, touching his jawline. Just as bold as you please, I reached up and stroked it to hear the stubble whisper under my fingers. My pussy went wet when I touched him, my stomach tingly. I wanted this man more than I could even comprehend.

His dark eyes flashed when he smiled, and I could tell he damn well knew it. He was teasing me.

I stroked him again, and for just an instant, his eyelids fluttered with pleasure. Score one for me.

"I'm forty-three," he said.

"And?"

"And that's a chunk of time," he chuckled.

"Not to me. Now, about you being my type." I stood on tiptoe and pressed a kiss where my fingers had just been. His jaw was taut and rough under my lips. I heard him inhale like he was trying to stay steady. I brushed my lips over his and felt him break his stoic stance and kiss me back. He didn't move his arms or his legs or any other part of him but for his soft lips. I ran my hand from his collarbone, exposed by a loose and well-worn old tee, down his belly, feeling the muscles tense. When I got to his belt buckle, just to fuck with him, I hooked my hand on the square of metal but didn't go any further. But I did deepen the kiss, pushing my tongue gently against his.

He gripped my upper arms, finally moving, and took a step back so I was inside his house. The screen door banged behind me, and I gave in to my own desire and slid my hand lower, finding his cock, hard and long beneath his faded jeans.

"I think you *are* my type," I said against his mouth. He didn't utter a word, but I could tell what he wanted. I pushed his front door shut with my

foot and knelt, pulling back that belt buckle and looking up into his dark brown eyes the whole while.

Derrick's mouth was pressed into a thin line. I waited for him to tell me to get out or remind me that I didn't have to do this. He did neither. He simply watched me peel back his fly and push his boxer briefs down. His cock sprang forward, flushed and rigid, and I took the silken tip into my mouth, sucking the head so I could get him wet. It was easy, then, to run my mouth—lips parted, tongue somewhat out—up and down the sides and back of his shaft.

Still, he said, nothing, just watched me. Patience comes with age and wisdom, and I shivered knowing he could probably outlast me in the patience department by far. His hand settled in my hair, twisting into my long strands but not tugging. "Unzip that sweater," he said. There was no question or doubt in that voice of his, simply a deep steady command. I unzipped my black sweater and it fell open. I was bare beneath it.

I wrapped my fist around his cock and started to stroke him, taking as much of his shaft into my mouth as I could manage. He was long and thick, and he filled my mouth and my throat and still had cock to spare. Sucking a deep breath through my nose, I looked up to find him watching me, half smiling and looking rather pleased.

It made my stomach tumble and dip, that look on his face. I forced myself a bit lower on his rod, feeling my eyes prick with tears that didn't fall. He brushed a strand of hair out of my eyes and thrust once, twice, three times, filling my throat and making me work to get air.

"Maybe I *am* your type," he said, his voice barely a whisper.

I nodded, tried to speak, but all that came out was a muffled rumble that clearly worked up his prick and

into his belly. He put both hands on my head, shutting his eyes for a minute, thrusting in an easy rhythm into my wet, eager mouth. Then he pulled free so fast there was a small popping sound.

"Up," he said, and offered me a hand.

I took it, feeling like a princess rising for a knight in shining armor. He bully-walked me back three big steps until my ass hit his foyer table. His key bowl fell to the floor in a jingle of keys and change and various other small debris. He had me out of my jeans, ass on the table in two minutes flat.

"Spread your legs, baby," Derrick said, his voice all rough gravel and need.

I spread, and he tested me with two big fingers thrust deep in my cunt. It was all I could do not to come right there. I watched him run the smooth tip of his cock along my pussy. I begged him with my hips, thrusting them up a bit until he gave me what I wanted—what I needed—and slowly filled me up. Inch by inch he entered until I was stuffed full and begging. Then he started to move, gripping my hips in his big strong hands. His mouth settled at the base of my throat, and he nipped me lightly with his teeth. The feel of his teeth on me set me off and I came, holding tight to him with both hands as he moved faster.

He kissed me then, finally, a deep claiming kiss as he rammed into me to the hilt, filling me the way I craved and taking me the way I wanted. I held on for dear life as Derrick continued to thrust, driving the base of his cock against my clit with every motion. A few more thrusts and I came again, deliberately tightening my cunt to grip him.

"Fuck," he said with a laugh as he spilled into me, his head lowered and his eyes hooded with pleasure.

We stood there frozen, my ass on his table, his hands gripping me tight, so tight that I wondered—and maybe hoped for—a few light bruises to admire later.

"Now that we've determined you are most definitely my type . . ." I said, kissing his chest and feeling his heart beneath my lips.

"Yeah?"

"How about you let me take you out for a drink."

"How very civil," he said, thumbing my nipple so it pebbled. I felt a fresh rush of want and arousal in my belly.

"I am very civil. And very, very patient," I said, lying through my teeth.

*Ms. Ginny K.,
Via E-Mail*

when he told me he was moving to Nashville. He wanted to take me and a few of our coworkers out to dinner before he left, and he asked if I'd be free the following Saturday.

On the day of Matthew's farewell dinner, my shift ended first, so I sat on a bench outside the store and smoked a cigarette as I waited for everyone else. When the door opened, though, Matthew was the only one who exited. I asked him where everyone else was, and he said they'd had to cancel. Two of our friends had to work late, and the third had a family issue. It was going to be only the two of us for dinner.

I almost asked if he wanted to reschedule for a night when everyone

He knew exactly
how to work his tongue, licking
my slit and lapping up
the juices that clung to my lips.

A SEXY LADY MEETS HER MATCH IN ONE HOT YOUNG STUD

When my husband retired, I quit my job as a high-school English teacher so we could move to Atlanta, like he'd always wanted. Even though we were only in our early fifties, we'd saved plenty, and Rob's pension covered all our expenses, so I didn't need to find work. But I took a part-time job at a local department store to make some pocket money—and find men to seduce.

That's how I met Matthew. He worked in customer service with me during my weekend shifts. He was a sweet young man, twenty-three years old but mature for his age. We'd worked together for about six months

could make it, but when I saw the look on his face, I knew that wasn't an option. From the way his eyes roved over my body, I could tell he wasn't the least bit disappointed about being alone with me. I wondered briefly if we'd even get dinner at all, but Matthew was a gentleman, and I didn't think that was going to change because of his lusty feelings.

Matthew took me to a café, and we enjoyed a lovely dinner. He was polite and attentive and a great conversationalist. We discussed his moving plans and what he wanted to do once he got to Nashville, and when I asked if he'd miss anything about Georgia, he said, "You."

I laughed lightly and told him, "Oh, don't be silly. You must have dozens

of gorgeous young women fighting for your attention. And you'll have even more in Nashville. I doubt you'll even remember me in a few weeks."

"You're a stunning woman," he said. I reminded him that I was more than twice his age, but it didn't deter him—not that I wanted it to. "I know this is inappropriate to say, but you're as sexy as hell. I've been attracted to you since the day we met."

I knew then that Matthew had planned the whole thing, and I wondered if he'd even invited our co-workers to begin with. It seemed like too much of a coincidence that they'd all backed out at the last minute. Now I knew why.

Matthew admitted that he really

and slammed the door behind us, pushed me up against it, and started to kiss me. Though he was half my age, he obviously knew what he was doing, and even that simple kiss was enough to get me aroused.

Our lip-lock lasted for several minutes, before he became impatient and started to undress me. He was gentle as he pulled my clothes off, carefully unbuttoning my blouse and slowly unzipping my pants. When my pants were down and it was time to step out of them and my shoes, Matthew held my arm to keep me balanced. Once my clothes were off, however, he became rabid.

I was on my back before I realized it, and I lay there watching as

He waited only
a second before pushing inside.
I was so wet that he slid
in to the hilt and started thrusting.

wanted to sleep with me once before he left and said he'd booked a hotel room. He didn't want to pressure me, but he'd heard rumors about my affairs and hoped they were true. He seemed nervous, afraid I'd tell him I wasn't interested. But I was absolutely interested. I'd have been crazy to turn down someone as sexy—and horny—as Matthew. I didn't want to seem too eager, but I agreed to go to the hotel almost immediately, in desperate need of a good lay.

My handsome young date paid the bill and drove me to the hotel, which was only a few miles away. We were there in less than ten minutes, and Matthew practically ran to the room, moving so fast that I could barely keep up. He pulled me into the room

my date undressed. While he'd been slow and careful with me, he ripped off his own clothes in a hurry. Within seconds, he was on me. He kissed me again, but he moved on after only a moment, his lips burning a path down my chest and stomach. He didn't stop until he'd reached the juncture between my thighs. His mouth hovered above my slit, but he cast his eyes toward me, waiting for my go-ahead. I nodded my encouragement, and he went right to it.

Matthew's mouth pressed against my pussy as he started to eat me, and as much talent as he'd shown with his kisses, his cunnilingus was even more impressive. He knew exactly how to work his tongue, licking back and forth over my slit and lap-

ping up the juices that clung to my lips. He had me gasping in pleasure and begging for more in no time. When his mouth wrapped around my clit and he started to suck, I went mad with lust. I moaned loudly, thrilled by his actions. He was giving me more pleasure than I could have anticipated. He kept eating me until I climaxed, and even then he didn't stop. Matthew kept at it until he'd given me a second orgasm, and it was even stronger than the first.

I wanted to return the favor, but he didn't give me a chance. As soon as

and even though I knew Matthew was more than capable of getting me off again, I couldn't resist helping him along. As I bucked against him, I slid one hand down between our bodies and reached for my clit. My fingers worked over my hot little button, the juices from my pussy making my digits easily glide over it. I rubbed furiously, pressing hard and making sparks of ecstasy shoot through me.

Matthew kept thrusting into me, his cock brushing against my hand as he pulled out and then again as he pushed back in. It felt like he could



he pulled his mouth off my pussy, he slithered up my body until his cock rested between my legs. He waited only a second before guiding the head to my entrance and pushing inside. I was so wet that he slid right in to the hilt and started thrusting.

He was young and virile, and he fucked me wildly. His hips pounded rhythmically against mine. The pleasure he was giving me was incredible! I was losing control, and I got closer to climax with each thrust. I felt alive with energy, and I loved it.

I wanted to come again so badly,

go at it all night, but I wasn't going to last that long. I held on for five more minutes before my third orgasm made me writhe excitedly beneath him. My pussy spasmed rapidly as I came, clenching and releasing my young stud's dick, and eventually it became too much for him. He came, too, his dick throbbing inside my cunt as he released his seed.

Matthew left town a week later, but not before I got one last incredible fuck out of him.

*Ms. Laura S.,
Atlanta, Georgia*



Nicole & Bruce

Nothing breaks up the day like some afternoon loving. Nicole finds working at home to be a drag and could use a little pick-me-up. Bruce, as in tune with her needs as ever, shows up on her doorstep and is quickly invited inside for a midday sex romp.











Nicole will get no argument from Bruce, who's ready, willing and able to please. With her sultry sighs spurring him on, he thrusts his hard cock into her slippery slit and takes them both on a wild ride.





Nicole's paperwork is forgotten because she has a much more important job to do: to come long and hard with Bruce's cock buried deep in her cunt. Her spasms of pleasure take him to the edge. He pulls out to shower her with his hot load before they collapse together in a sweaty, satisfied heap.





Threesomes letters





**HOT BABE FROM HIS
WIFE'S PAST MAKES
FOR A VERY SEXY
PRESENT**

All I wanted when I came home that night was a beer and my newspaper. I wasn't expecting company, and when I walked in to hear Jill laughing with a strange woman, I felt a stab of annoyance. I was in no mood to entertain.

My wife never lets me be grumpy for long, though. She came to greet me and then whisked me into the kitchen to introduce me to Darla. "We've been friends since kindergarten! Can you believe that?"

"It just means we're old," Darla said shaking my hand. She was gorgeous, and it didn't escape my notice.

"We are not old. We're seasoned," Jill said, leaning in to kiss her friend on the cheek.

Something about that kiss—it's softness and the way my wife lingered—made my dick get instantly hard, so I turned from the visiting friends to get that beer.

"We've been drinking," Jill informed me, making me laugh.

"Have you, now?" I asked.

When I turned back to them, she had her arm slung across Darla's shoulder, and I noticed her hand was swinging precariously close to her friend's tit. I would have given whatever money was in my wallet had my wife reached down and gripped that breast to give it a friendly squeeze.

after saying the word *after*, my dick got hard again.

I cleared my throat. "After what, darling wife?" I thought it best to sound amused and not too excited by the idea.

Darla spoke up, with her dark green eyes flashing. "For a while in college, we sort of messed around—a lot."

"Messed around?" I was playing dumb, and we all knew it, but Jill purred, leaning against me.

"Yeah, you know," she said against my throat. "We used to fuck."

"She can be so crude." Darla shook her head at me, and I admit it, I felt kind of lightheaded with the unexpected turn of my evening.

Darla pushed
a finger into Jill, and then added
a second. I could see
and hear how wet Jill's pussy was.

Turned out, I didn't need to offer money.

"Did you want me to cook a steak?" I leaned against the fridge, watching them. Jill's straight blonde hair was mingling with Darla's dark wavy hair, and my wife's large breasts were pressed against the slimmer, less endowed Darla's side. They were pretty, all snug up against each other.

"I was thinking we could order Chinese. Drink some wine. Eat some noodles. After . . ."

When she said *after* something in my gut sparked. It was like being electrocuted. I had been married to Jill for seven years. I knew her turned-on voice. I knew her sexy sounds, and when she sighed softly

I laughed, and Jill pretended to pout. But a second later, my wife had snaked her hand down to grip my cock through my work pants. My hard-on had become impossible to hide, and a flood of warm arousal filled me when she squeezed me hard enough to make my knees sag.

"Crude or not, I thought maybe we could have some fun since Darla's visiting."

Darla stood and positioned herself behind Jill; she moved like a cat. "Is that okay with you?" Darla asked me, dead serious. As if I would say no.

I could only nod.

As soon as I nodded, Darla reached around Jill and cupped her hands around my wife's breasts. Darla pinched Jill's nipples. They

were standing at attention, pressing against her pink sweater.

"Why didn't you just start without me?" I asked stupidly.

"Now where would the fun be in that?" Jill murmured, letting her head fall back as Darla pinched even harder. She clearly knew, too, that my wife liked her nipple stimulation hard and rough.

Jill stroked me through my pants. "Pull that out," she said. So I did. I opened my trousers and pulled out my shaft. Jill hummed softly and jacked me with a loose fist.

My hand flew over my rod, but I tried to temper myself and avoid a sudden orgasm. I was hoping I'd get more than jerking off in this scenario.

Darla pushed a finger into Jill, and then added a second. I could see and hear how wet Jill's pussy was, and my balls felt heavy with lust. I was struggling to breathe as the brunette moved in a little closer and began eating out Jill in earnest.

"Come on, come on," Jill whispered, waving me over to join them. Her eyes were shiny with pleasure, and her body was moving to meet



Then she wrapped my hand around my erection, saying, "Take care of that and just watch."

They moved to the bench in the side nook of our kitchen. There was a brief tangle with their clothes before Darla knelt between Jill's parted thighs. She spread my wife's outer lips wide and licked with her little pink tongue. I watched her lap at Jill's labia before moving in to suck and nibble at her clitoris until Jill was tugging that long dark hair and arching up to press her friend's mouth more securely to her pussy.

her friend's ministrations.

My legs were leaden, but I moved as quickly as I could, afraid—to be honest—that Jill would change her mind. Darla's tight ass was stuck high in the air; the perfume of her pussy filled my nose. She was ready, aroused, and her plump pink lips were visible between her legs. I wanted to slip into that rosy red cunt. I wanted this bit of strange. "One-time only offer, dear. Get her before I come," Jill said, so I had to act.

I knelt behind her gorgeous friend and palmed her ass for a moment,

relishing her smooth taut skin and the foreign feel of her under my palms. I shoved one finger and then a second into her to test her wetness. Darla mewed impatiently, poking her ass back at me. Jill moaned, pulling Darla's hair.

Both of them gasped, and I had to focus to keep from spilling my seed right there. This would be short, but oh-so-sweet.

"Do it," Jill urged.

I ran the head of my cock, already damp with pre-come, along the soaking split of Darla's tight little

Everyone paused to breathe. And then I was moving swiftly, thrusting hard and high into the beautiful Darla. I gripped her hips and held her tight as I slipped in and out of her heated wetness; she groaned, and I felt her cunt draw tight on my prick. Jill pinched her nipples again and arched up, making that sound in her throat that said she was about to go.

I reached under Darla, feeling my own orgasm rushing at me, and rubbed her clit with a firm touch. She shuddered, her pussy milking me, and then Jill was coming, being



pussy. I pushed in, just the head, and tried to steady my breathing. She wasn't making it easy for me, the wet sounds of her licking my wife's pussy were filling my head and Darla was pushing back against my dick, trying to impale herself on my length.

Darla sucked on Jill's clit, and Jill pulled her own nipples tight between her fingertips. The skin blanched pale, and I knew she was close. I drove into Darla so hard that I bumped her forward against Jill, making her mouth smear a slippery trail along Jill's mound.

loud as usual, her mouth a pink "O" of pleasure as she rode out her release. It was all too much, and I felt my resolve crumble. I came with a grunt and a sigh, watching another woman's mouth on my lovely wife's pussy.

Turns out it wasn't so much a one-time offer, but more like a twice-a-year offer whenever Darla visits. And for nostalgia's sake, we still hook up every time on the bench in the kitchen.

*Mr. Jacob R.,
Sacramento, California*
PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS

WHEN MOVIE NIGHT GETS STEAMY, IT ENDS IN AN UNEXPECTED THREEWAY

I'd always been hot for my friend Noah. He's really sexy and the sight of him never fails to turn me on. Any time I was around him, my clit throbbed and my panties got damp. He seemed to look at me with a similar lust, especially when he thought I wouldn't notice. It wasn't unusual to feel his gaze on my tits or ass whenever we were together.

It seemed like the only thing keeping Noah and me from hooking up was his girlfriend, Amy. Though he'd sneak glances at me, I knew he loved her, and I didn't want to get

should just leave. But before I could make a move, I felt a gentle hand resting on my own knee.

I looked down, expecting it to be Noah's, but instead I saw French-manicured nails. No longer massaging her boyfriend's bulge, Amy had reached across him to caress me. *Why not?* I thought to myself, so I also reached across Noah's lap and began stroking his girlfriend's thigh.

Noah turned his head to kiss me, and the juices poured from my pussy as my fantasy was finally realized and my body responded. I crossed my legs, hoping to quell the incessant pounding of my stiffened button, and Amy noticed my predicament. She trailed her fingers higher, and as

I felt natural, being
the object of their attentions, with
Amy's mouth at my
tits and Noah's fingers at my cunt.

between them. So, instead of spending nights in Noah's arms, I spent them in my own bed, masturbating to thoughts of him and pretending my vibrator was his cock.

Things might have continued like that if not for Amy's intervention. One night, we were both at his place watching a DVD. He was sitting on the couch between us, with Amy's head on his shoulder and her hand on his knee. Then the movie got steamy, and I noticed her finger moving slowly up his leg. Within seconds, I felt like the proverbial third wheel.

It was hard not to notice him turn to kiss her, and then they were making out like I wasn't even there. I stared a hole into the TV screen, trying not to notice or care, and wondering if I

I parted my legs, Amy's fingers kept ascending. Soon, they were an inch from my sopping sex, albeit still outside of my snug-fitting jeans.

She pressed against my crotch, and I sighed into Noah's mouth. He sucked my tongue more vigorously as Amy manipulated my clit through the denim. His hand moved to my chest, and he strummed one rigid nipple through my shirt and bra. I was desperate to be out of my clothes but kept them on because I still wasn't fully convinced that this wasn't just a highly erotic dream.

I moved my fingers to Amy's lap, slipping beneath her miniskirt and expecting to encounter a pair of panties that were as drenched as mine. But she was pantyless, and my

fingers brushed soft, wet flesh. Surprised, I pulled away, but before I got far, she grabbed my wrist to hold me in place, so I stroked her dewy labia. Then I parted her outer lips to stroke the silky petals in between before finally pinpointing her clitoris and eliciting a gasp from her when I pressed down on it.

Noah broke our kiss. "Let's go to the bedroom," he said, and we agreed. That's when I finally got out of my clothes; working in tandem, my friends stripped me of my garments. Then I sat on the bed, idly stroking my pussy while I watched Noah and Amy disrobe one another.

I was surprised when I saw Amy's breasts, because I hadn't known that

While I was kissing her boyfriend, Amy lowered her lips to my tits and took a nipple between her teeth. She nibbled the rubbery point as she traced my slit with one finger; then, without warming, she thrust deep into my hole. Jolted, my body bucked back against Noah's, trapping his cock between my asscheeks.

I'd almost forgotten about his throbbing member, so I let go of Amy's left breast to reach back and fondle it. Wrapping my fingers around his shaft, I pumped him a few times until he took control. Rocking his hips back and forth, he fucked my fist with a slow, steady rhythm.

Sandwiched between my best friend and his girlfriend, I wondered

I cried out
at being so suddenly filled with
dick, a sound
that was muffled by Amy's pussy.

her nipples were pierced. Curious, I stood so I could feel them, and then stopped when she shivered at my touch. "No, that feels so good," she quickly explained, so I re-extended my fingers to flick at the tiny steel hoops, and as she moaned, her hips bucked slightly.

Stepping closer, I palmed her weighty breasts and squeezed them so that her piercings scraped my palms. As Amy reached down to my cunt, Noah moved behind me, wrapping his arms around us and nuzzling the nape of my neck. Amy and I started kissing until her fingers found my wet center. Then I tipped back my head and whimpered, and Noah took advantage by slipping his tongue into my open mouth.

why we had never done the threesome thing before. It was obvious that they had discussed it by how it had come together so easily. I, for one, felt natural being the object of their attention, with Amy's mouth at my tits and both her and Noah's fingers busy at my cunt.

While we kissed, Noah had snaked his hand around to press down on my rigid nubbin as he pumped into my palm. Somehow, he'd also managed to maneuver our little group toward the bed until Amy was lying on her back, her legs spread wide, and I was kneeling between them with Noah still standing behind me.

My heart skipped a beat when I realized that I was about to eat pussy for the first time. Amy was propped

on her elbows with her labia peeled back enticingly as she flicked at the rings accenting her tits. When I let go of her boyfriend's prick and ran my fingertips over her glistening pink folds, she smiled at me encouragingly. Meanwhile, Noah grasped my hips, sinking his thumbs into my buttocks as he lined up his cockhead with my slit.

He paused to let me get comfortable. *It's now or never*, I thought as I ducked my head and extended my tongue to take my first taste of another woman's cunt. She moaned

with just the tip of his dick throbbing in my cunt, and I figured it was to watch me get busy between his girlfriend's thighs. I was now tonguing her moist center more confidently, broadly lapping at her quivering flesh. Her hips writhed, and whenever I made contact with her clit—which happened frequently—her ass rose off the mattress.

However, Noah couldn't withstand the demands of his cock for long. I knew the fucking was about to recommence when his fingers sank into my hips. Then he shoved back



as I licked one inner petal, and I savored the salty-sweet flavor I'd only ever sampled on my own fingers and former lovers' cocks and tongues.

I took another lap, this one less tentative, and she murmured, "Oh yeah, that's it." Following her cue, Noah pressed forward until his crown pierced my hole. The remainder of his length quickly followed, until his balls landed on my butt. Then he tightened his grasp at my waist and pulled back until only his bulbous knob was buried inside me.

He remained still for a moment,

into me until I could once again feel his velvety sac pressed against my bottom cheeks. I cried out at the pressure created by being so suddenly filled with dick, a sound that was muffled by Amy's pussy. Though no one heard my noise, I knew she felt it because she cried out and grabbed my head.

Noah was sliding in and out of me slowly. He grunted with each thrust, increasing his speed and then panting as his excitement rose. My own arousal was also climbing—when ever his hipbones met my derriere,

THREESOMES

my clit twitched, conveying its need for additional attention.

There was nothing I could do about it though. My hands were busy at Amy's pussy—rubbing her rigid nub—and at her tits, flicking the sexy steel rings. And I couldn't ask anyone to come to my aid because I was reluctant to tear myself away from my friend's sensitive folds. She was so close to orgasm that I feared throwing her off course, so I merely squeezed my thighs together in an attempt to stimulate my own clit. In doing so, I rendered Noah ecstatic

Holding her as steady as possible, I drank down her salty juices as my own body shook violently. That set Noah off, and he pulled me against him hard to bury his full length in my cunt as he climaxed. Meanwhile, I slowed my tongue on his girlfriend's sex to help her float back to Earth. She stroked my shoulder so I looked up at her through my lashes, and when she smiled at me, I felt pride at a job well done.

Noah's cock pulsed inside me as we shared this tender moment. I contracted my pussy muscles to eke



with the constricted grip of my pussy on his dick.

He rammed into me even harder now, his balls bouncing wildly against my asscheeks. However, when he realized what I was doing, he reached beneath me, parted my labia and pressed down on my trigger. I was so aroused that I instantaneously jolted forward, and my mouth bumped hard against Amy's cunt. As a result, she and I reached orgasm together, my cries once again muffled by her quivering flesh as her fingers tangled in my hair.

forth the last few drops of his load, and when all his cream was deposited into my body, he pulled out and joined us on the mattress. As he stretched out alongside his girlfriend, I suddenly felt like the third wheel again and murmured, "I should go." However, my friends implored me to stay, so I spent that night, as well as numerous nights after that, and soon our threesomes became a regular thing for us—a fact that keeps me happy and satisfied.

*Ms. Melissa H.,
Juneau, Alaska*

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Anal Sex letters





**SHE LURES HER LOVER
INTO HER BACKDOOR
FOR DELIGHTFUL NIGHT**

The other night I was on a blind date with a new guy, and we had a lot of chemistry, so I had no problem going home with him when he suggested a “nightcap.” We went through the motions, sharing a couple of drinks, while I looked around Carter’s apartment and let him show off whatever he thought would keep me interested. Eventually, we sat on the couch to finish our cocktails, and as usually happens, one thing led to another.

Carter bent to kiss me, and I quickly parted his lips with my tongue. I slid my tongue into his mouth and stroked it against his, encouraging him to take things up a notch. He responded by slid-

ing his hands under my shirt and rubbing them lightly along my back. His touch sent chills along my spine, and I leaned against him, my hard nipples pressing against his chest as his hard-on touched my thigh. It felt good, and I knew I'd have him right where I wanted him in no time—and where I wanted him was in my ass.

When Carter started to pull up my shirt, I backed away to give him room to do it. He went for my bra as soon as my shirt was out of the way, freeing my double-D breasts, but I stopped him when he moved in to suck them. He was still fully dressed, and I didn't think that was very fair. I unbuttoned his shirt slowly, letting my fingers brush his chest as I exposed

I saw Carter naked, I immediately yanked them off and got into position on my hands and knees. I wanted to make it clear right from the beginning how much I wanted to feel his dick in my ass. Nothing less would satisfy me.

Carter reached into his discarded slacks and pulled a condom out of his pocket. He ripped into the foil packet and rolled the latex sheath over his dick before sliding easily into my wet pussy. His cock was long and slender, perfect for ass-fucking, and I couldn't wait to feel him in my butt.

He thrust into me over and over, fucking me furiously. I hadn't outright told him that I wanted him to fuck me

Carter's dick felt
amazing sliding between my
cheeks, and each time
he thrust, I felt shivers of pleasure.

more and more of him. He tried to get his shirt off faster, but I wanted to do it myself—and I liked teasing him. Button by button, I opened his shirt, and by the time I pushed it off his shoulders, he was moaning with desire.

I expected him to take me to his bedroom next, but he was so fired up that the fact that he had a bedroom seemed to slip his mind. He pushed me back on the couch and frantically unfastened my pants, and I had to arch my hips up off the sofa so he could pull my pants down my legs. As soon as my slacks were off, Carter stood and ripped his off as well, shucking his boxers at the same time.

I still had my panties on, but when

in the ass, but he seemed to know that my pussy wasn't the only thing I wanted him to fill; I like when my dates are so intuitive. Each time he got close to climaxing, he would slow his movements, his thrusts becoming long and steady, instead of fast and frenzied. He knew he shouldn't come too soon. He also knew that he should definitely bring me to orgasm if he wanted to find out what I had up my sleeve, and he reached around my waist so he could rub my clit. His finger pressed against the hard nub, and he drew circles around it with his fingertip. His touch was light at first, then more firm, until I felt my pussy throbbing with pleasure. It took only a few moments of Carter playing with me—as he continued to pump his

cock in and out of my cunt—to get me off in spectacular fashion.

My orgasm washed over me, but as good as it felt, I didn't spend too much time reveling in the feelings. Now that Carter and I were both primed for action, it was time to get him inside my ass. I begged him to pull out of my pussy and stick his dick in my butt, and it took him only a second to realize my request was serious. As soon as he slipped his dick out of my soaking pussy, I leaned down to rest my chest on the couch, then reached back and spread my

body. He kept up a steady pace, his hips pumping rhythmically against mine. Each thrust shook my body, my hips and thighs and ass shuddering every time he pushed into me. He was still moving carefully, not thrusting too hard, but I knew he was going to speed up soon, and I dug my fingers into the couch cushion, preparing myself.

When his thrusts sped up, I braced myself, letting him slam into me as his balls banged against my ass. That only lasted a few minutes, though, and then I started to thrust



asscheeks, ready for him to enter my backdoor.

I looked over my shoulder and watched as Carter repositioned himself, the head of his dick against my ass. He started to push into me slowly, but my sphincter opened wide for him, letting him slide in quickly and easily. His dick fit perfectly inside me, and he began pumping in and out immediately.

Carter's dick felt amazing sliding back and forth between my cheeks, and each time he thrust, I felt shivers of pleasure ricochet through my BEST

backward to meet his strokes. I moved my hands to the arm of the couch and pushed back, and it let me buck harder against him.

We started fucking even more enthusiastically, and as our bodies crashed together, I felt my orgasm building. I knew my climax would be ten times more explosive than the one I'd had when Carter fucked my pussy. It spurred me on, making me beg him to go faster and deeper and harder. I clenched my ass muscles around his dick as he continued to pound me, and I heard him grunt be-

hind me. It was a sound of pleasure, and as soon as I released his dick, he thrust into me even more frantically.

Carter grabbed my hips and jackhammered his cock into my butt again and again. He was giving me exactly what I needed, and I started breathing hard and erratically. I was going to come at any second, and I couldn't wait. I thrust back toward Carter with as much force as I could, taking him as deep as possible. It only took a few more strokes to push me over the edge, and then my climax hit. My pussy throbbed as I came, and my ass gripped and released Carter's dick over and over again. An electric current of excite-

**BRENDA KNOWS SHE'S
FOUND A KEEPER WHEN
THEIR FIRST DATE
INCLUDES ANAL—TWICE**

I used to find it difficult to ask guys for anal sex, but I love the feeling of a big, thick cock in my ass so much that I learned to shed my shyness. It's rare that my request is refused; what guy doesn't enjoy sliding into the hot, tight confines of a sexy girl's asshole? I have yet to meet a guy who doesn't, though I've also never met a guy who was as enthusiastic about anal as Drew.

I knew that things were going to be good when I kept catching him checking out my behind when he thought I wasn't looking. I invited him

My pussy
throbbed as I came, and my ass
gripped and released
Carter's dick over and over again.

ment ran through me, and I cried out in ecstasy.

Carter came at almost the same moment I did, totally losing control. He groaned loudly as he shot his load, but he continued to thrust into me until he was sure I was done. Then he pulled out of my ass and moved away from me. Meanwhile, I tried to catch my breath and pull my clothes back on.

After putting on his pants and offering me a bottle of water, he asked if I wanted to spend the night, but I decided to go home so I could sleep in my own bed. But on our next date, I finally saw Carter's bedroom—and got another magnificent ass-fucking.

*Ms. Katie C.,
Denver, Colorado*

home that night, and things got interesting pretty quickly. We started making out in my bedroom, and his tongue was busy in my mouth as we stripped off each other's clothes. When I reached into his pants, I knew I'd found Mr. Right; his cock, already at full-mast, was long and thick, with the tip covered in a copious amount of pre-come.

I tugged off his jeans and urged him onto the bed, where we stretched out side-by-side. After wrapping my fist around his shaft, I pumped him up and down, which elicited a long, low moan from deep in his throat. His fingers soon found their way to my pussy, and he grunted appreciatively when he discovered how wet I was. Stroking me gently, he trailed his fin-



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gertips over my slippery folds until I was shuddering. My arousal climbed steadily, and when my desperation reached its peak, I slung one leg over both of his and positioned his cockhead at my entryway.

Drew gave a hard thrust forward and was quickly submerged to his balls. Rocking his hips back and forth, he stroked in and out of my pussy a few times. I grasped his buttocks to urge him into me harder, and our hips collided repeatedly. However, as good as that felt, my asshole tingled, as if reminding me that there was something else that felt even better.

I pulled away from Drew's embrace, and he looked at me quizzically.

against him. He began moving his hand in circles that grew ever wider, priming my aperture for a larger invader.

After another minute or so, Drew pulled his thumb from my asshole and replaced it with his rock-hard dick. I felt just the very tip pressing against me, urging me to open wide, as he firmly grasped my hips. His fingers sank into my flesh as he pressed forward, stretching the tightened ring of muscle with his bulbous crown. I was so excited that I opened easily; the only thing for which I had to brace myself was his prodigious size. I balled the sheets in my fists as he continued his journey, feeling the pressure build as he introduced

He thrust into me
so forcefully that I felt the impact
in the pit of my stomach.
I begged him for more—but harder.

cally. Then I situated myself on all fours and gestured toward the bottle of lube on my night table, and it was like I was seeing a light bulb go on over his head. He got into position behind me before grabbing the bottle of grease, pouring some into his palm, and slathering it all over his rigid pole. When I wagged my butt at him, he pried open my cheeks and pressed one still-sticky finger against my back hole.

The effect was instantaneous. The second he touched my asshole, my body contracted, and fireworks exploded in my belly. He massaged me with his thumb for a moment, and then he started exerting enough pressure to penetrate me. As I was impaled on his digit, I bucked back

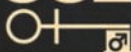
his substantial length into my depths.

My eyes were closed tight, and I bit down on my lower lip, loving the way my back passage expanded to make room for my partner's huge cock. When his sac brushed my upper thighs, I readied myself for the onslaught. I was excited—it had been a while since my ass had been properly plundered—and luckily, Drew did not disappoint.

He slid out until only his large knob was on the other side of my ring of muscle and then waited a beat before sliding back in. This time, he filled me with a quick shove. In fact, he thrust into me so forcefully that I felt the impact in the pit of my stomach, though when he paused again, I begged him for more—but harder.



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Acquiescing, Drew pulled almost all the way out and then plunged right back. He commenced fucking me in that rhythm, and I gave him a squeeze to convey my pleasure. We continued fucking until all the lube was used up, and even then he only slowed long enough to grab the bottle of lube and slather us with more slick liquid.

Now his velocity really increased. He flew in and out of my asshole with a quickness I could hardly believe, and I realized that he must be near his breaking point. I was close to mine, too, and I felt my clit pulsing wildly. My breasts bounced beneath me with the impact of Drew's thrusts, and my nipples were so sen-

with one arm nestling me to him and his flaccid cock resting against my rump, we dozed off. And though I was tired enough to sleep through the night, it was only a few hours later when I awoke to him nuzzling my collarbone as his fingers strummed the tips of my breasts and his reenergized prick prodded my rear.

There's only one thing I'm willing to be woken for—and that's anal sex. When Drew heard my murmured consent, he took things up a notch, which included pinching my nipples and sucking the skin at the nape of my neck hard enough to leave a mark. In addition, he pressed harder against my asshole, and soon the tip of his crown cleaved it.

He didn't seem
to mind me using him like
a dildo; in fact, I can
confidently say that he enjoyed it.

sitive that I shivered each time they scraped against the sheet.

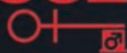
Suddenly, a flash of pleasure shot through me and I let out a moan. I hadn't come that hard in a while, and the waves that followed were also pretty fierce. Additionally, the muscles of my nether hole clamped shut around Drew's dick, forcing him to drive into me harder. That triggered another orgasm, and this time he joined me, spraying the walls of my canal with volleys of molten cream. The added moisture helped him fuck me faster, and he continued sawing between my asscheeks until his balls had been emptied of their load.

When he pulled out of me, I slumped forward and let out a satisfied sigh. Drew joined me, and

I wriggled back against his body, helping him slide in deeper. When he'd reached rock bottom, he held still, and his shaft pulsed in my canal. It felt good to have him wedged inside me, and even better, his arm was wrapped around my waist, his fingers still busy at my tits. To return the favor, I began rocking my hips back and forth, almost imperceptibly, but enough to pleasure him.

Drew reacted by grunting into my ear, and feeling the hot puff of his breath on my skin really turned me on. I started moving more, really jerking my hips and fucking myself on my partner's cock. He didn't seem to mind me using him like a dildo; in fact, I can confidently say that he enjoyed it because his breathing grew

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even heavier and he began slamming between my asscheeks.

I could feel him expanding inside me, and my clit pulsed in response. Somehow intuiting my need, Drew let go of my breast and trailed down my stomach until his hand reached my cunt. Not wanting to decrease the pressure on his cock too much, I raised my top leg just enough to allow him access, and he slipped his fingers between my labia. Then he found my throbbing nubbin and began drawing circles around it.

I whimpered and began to writhe

up his arousal as he kept me riding the waves of my orgasm. My whole body was now quaking, and if I'd wanted him to stop—which I didn't—I wouldn't have been able to let him know because I couldn't even catch my breath. It didn't help that his wriggling finger remained on my clit, toggling it back and forth until I saw stars.

He joined me in my ecstatic state a few seconds later, letting out a growl as the hand on my pussy stilled. Then he pulled me flush with his body and held me tightly as he



as my excitement increased by leaps and bounds. I was whipping my head back and forth, and I'm certain that Drew probably caught a mouthful of hair. But he rolled with it, keeping his finger firmly on my button until I came with a shriek. All the while, he continued plunging into my asshole, which had once again contracted tightly around him as I reached another climax.

I'd assumed it would take him longer to come this time, and I was right; he continuously sank his dick into my clutching anus, ratcheting

came. I luxuriated in the sensation of his hot cream drenching my insides and the continued pulsating of his dick in my butt until he had nothing left to release.

Drew remained lodged inside my asshole until his erection subsided. Then he gingerly pulled out, obviously feeling a little tender after two anal sessions in one night. As for me, I was in a state of pure bliss, and my asshole was still throbbing slightly as I once again drifted off to sleep.

*Ms. Brenda M.,
Bismarck, North Dakota*
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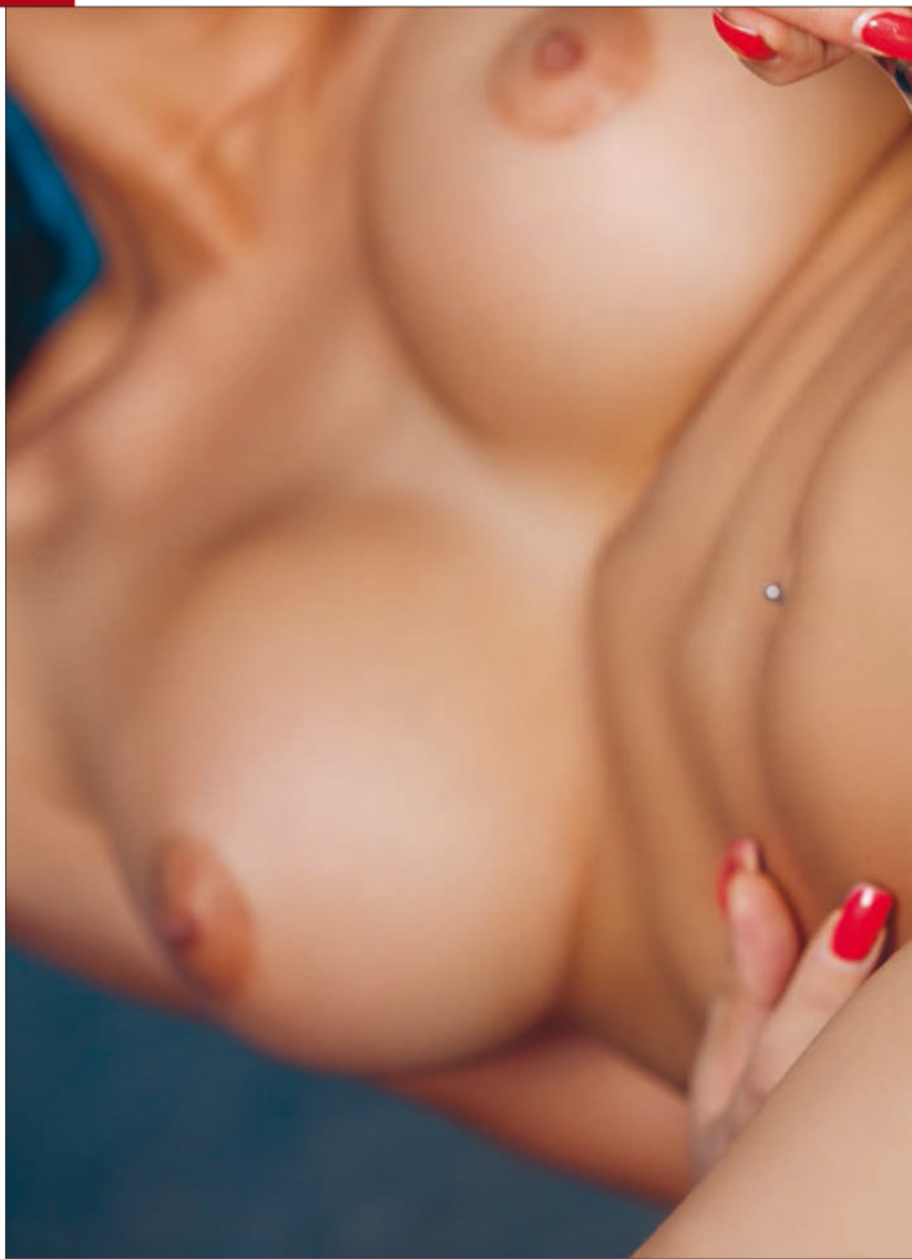
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Sex Toys letters





**THE DEATH OF A TOY
IS TRANSFORMED INTO JOY
WHEN A WOMAN FINDS MORE
THAN A REPLACEMENT**

Trust me, it's a sad day when your favorite sex toy dies. I held my beloved vibrator in one hand and gently coaxed the "on" button into the upright position. Nothing. I slid in four batteries stolen from my flashlight. Nada. I considered using my fingers instead, you know, going au naturel. But I've grown accustomed to the way the rumbling motor feels against my clit. Manual wasn't going to cut it for me anymore.

Resigned, I swapped my nightie for a dress that was fairly similar—spaghetti straps, light polka-dotted material. The day was hot already, the air scented with wild honeysuckle. All I wanted to do was

drive to the sex-toy store, buy a new vibe, and return home to jack off. I didn't need to be dressed in too polished a manner.

When I entered the store, however, I immediately wished I'd put more thought into my outfit. The clerk at the counter had the look of a man who lives to fuck—but maybe that was simply because I was incredibly horny. My trusty machine had died mid-vibrate. I'd been halfway to paradise when the power sputtered out. Still, as I looked over the wall of vibrators, I couldn't help but sneak glances at the man behind the counter. He had black curly hair and striking features—all angular and sleek, even beneath the five o'clock

"Just this," I said, "and batteries."
"That *is* one of our better sellers," he said as he looked over my selection. "But we have a brand-new toy that you might like even more."

I waited. Was he trying to sell me up?

"It's in the back," he continued. "Do you want to take a look?"

I glanced around. There were no other customers in the store; 10 a.m. is apparently early in the day to go sex-toy shopping. I shrugged and then followed the clerk behind the counter and through the red velvet curtains shielding the doorway. I didn't know if this was a come-on, or if he was serious, and then I saw the wall of stock—vibrators of every

The clerk began
to run the vibrator up and down
my pussy lips. I moaned
and balled my hands into fists.

shadow he was sporting at 10 a.m.

I forced myself to pay attention to the selections, when what I really wanted to do was ask him if he'd mind taking me to the back room and fucking me. A real man would be able to give me more oomph than a toy, wouldn't he? As if he'd heard the question in my head, the clerk looked up, and I found myself staring into the bluest eyes I'd ever seen.

"Help you?" he asked in pigeon shop-clerk talk.

Oh, yes, I wanted to respond. Help me. Help me get off.

Instead, stymied by too many choices and hazy with unrequited lust, I reached for the exact replica of the vibrator that had given up the ghost of orgasms past in my bed.

color and size neatly organized in see-through plastic cases. My eyes widened when the clerk reached for a cardboard box on the floor and pulled out a model that resembled my own, except bigger and thicker.

"The vibrations are supposed to be intense," he said. "Would you like to see how it works?"

"You don't let people try these out without buying them, do you?"

"I'll take a risk," he said, smiling at me. "I'm that sure you'll buy one after you test drive it."

"Where?" I asked as I watched him insert four D batteries into the device.

"Why not right here?"

That's when I realized he was as horny as I'd thought, and that maybe he was trying to sell me up, but this

was definitely a come-on. Not that I minded. I was so desperate to get off by then that I would have stripped in the center of the store. At least, back here we had privacy. He handed me the toy, and I settled myself against one wall, closed my eyes, and spread my legs. I hadn't even bothered to slip on underwear when I'd left the house. This turned out to be a good thing. Aware that the clerk was watching my every move, I slid my sundress to my hips and pressed the tip of the new toy to my pussy.

"Turn it on." His voice was husky,

aroused; I thought for sure that I'd come as soon as he pressed the toy against my clit. Maybe the clerk guessed this, because he didn't do the one thing I craved. Instead, he ran the vibrator over the tops of my thighs, which were growing wet with my juices. Then, ever so slowly, he started to slide the head inside me.

I sucked in my breath as I felt the vibrations light me up from the inside. Unable to help myself, I held on to the clerk's shoulders as he began to fuck me with the device. He moved it in and out in a gentle man-



and he was closer than I'd expected. I opened my eyes to see him standing right next to me.

I flicked the switch, and immediately, the vibrations slammed through me.

"Oh, God," I moaned.

"Good, isn't it?" He put his hand on top of mine and began to work the toy with me. I let go completely and allowed him to take full control. With finesse, the clerk began to run the tip of the vibrator up down my juicy pussy lips. I moaned and balled my hands into fists. I was so

ner, allowing me to get accustomed to the girth of the beast. I was panting as he began to fuck me faster, and I spread my legs even wider for him and thrust my hips forward.

"Let's try it like this," he said softly. "Turn around and bend over."

He removed the vibrator and waited for me to obey. I did what he suggested, hiking my dress to my hips once more. The clerk used his hands to part my pussy lips, but then he surprised me.

"Here, you take this." Suddenly, I was holding the vibrator in my right

hand. I thought I knew what was going to happen next, and I was thrilled. I began to control the toy, making circles around my clit, and then I felt the clerk's cock stroking the opening of my pussy. I didn't hesitate to get into action. I played the vibrator against my swollen clit while the clerk filled me up with his cock. This was even better than what I'd hoped for when I entered the store because I had two of my favorite things at once: a cock and a sex toy.

The man knew how to move. He slid in and out of my pussy at a rapid, rhythmic pace, and I could tell he appreciated the way the vibrations felt as they emanated through me. When I got close to climaxing, I whispered

handed it over and kissed me on the lips. I felt a happy thrill run through me. "Now, all I need's your number." We went back to the counter, and he gave me pen and paper. I grinned as I wrote down my digits, looking forward to my next encounter with both the toy and the man who'd turned me on.

(Name and address withheld)

KAY LOVES HER BRAND-NEW BUTT PLUG

Kay's not shy in the bedroom. I talk dirty to her the whole time we're fucking, and she gets off on it. So, when I said to her that I wanted a toy—that I wanted to play with her and a toy

I came in a series
of almost violent contractions,
and the clerk followed
suit, filling me up as he shot his load.

to him that I was going to come.

"Do it," he said. "Come hard."

Was there any other way possible? I came in a series of almost violent contractions, and the clerk followed suit, filling me up as he shot his load deep inside me. I turned off the toy and then let my dress fall back into place. I was sticky all over and still humming with the pleasure of an unexpectedly intense orgasm.

"You've made a sale," I said as I turned to face him. I could feel the heat in my cheeks, knowing I must be blushing. I still didn't know his name.

"That one's on the house," he said, taking the damp vibrator from me and slipping it quickly into a bag he grabbed from a nearby shelf. He

together—she said what she always says, "Whatever you want, baby."

I made it my mission to find a toy that would get us both off, and in the end, I went with an anal plug.

I was certain she'd balk, completely sure that she'd have an issue with something in her ass. When I'd said toy, I'm sure Kay thought I'd meant a vibrator. But I was eager to see her stuffed full of the stunning blue-marbled glass butt plug I'd chosen. I'd gone with the small one just so I could coax her into using it. I planned on telling her it was way too small to be scary when I presented my argument. Since I assumed I'd have to have one.

You know what they say about assuming. It's true. Because when I

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presented the plug to her, nestled in a green velvet box, she squealed. "I love it. Let's get it in."

Joy came to me first; arousal came second. I had her naked in about four seconds, and my cock was so hard that I feared for its safety. But that was only a small thought in the back of my mind as my girl writhed on our big bed, parting her legs for me to see the slick, plump lips of her pussy. She was so wet that I could see the enticing shine of her own juices on her upper thighs, and I wondered how either of us was going to even make it to the insertion of the butt plug. I was ready to go off just looking at her.

"Come on, baby," Kay said, mov-

ing the tight channel of her bum. I added a second finger and thrust deep, using my fingers to fuck her ass.

Kay sighed and arched up and into my touch. Who knew I'd be met with such enthusiasm? I was just happy I didn't need to plead my case; I simply needed to hold on to my control so I could come at the right time. I wanted the plug in her ass and my dick buried deep inside her cunt before that happened. Then I'd be a happy, happy man.

Slowly, so I could watch it enter her centimeter by centimeter, I pushed the bulbous blue plug into her snug asshole. Kay curled her fingers to the bedding as if she were hanging on. I worried I was hurting her, but

I wanted the plug
in her ass and my dick buried deep
inside her cunt.
Then I'd be a happy, happy man.

ing around impatiently so her long dark hair swirled around her head on the pale pillowcase.

"Coming," I said, fearing I would.

The lube bottle was loud, and the noise made her giggle, which made me smile. "It always sounds so rude," she said. Then she rolled her lithe form over onto her belly and pushed her ass up in the air a little.

I stroked my cock. Just once, because if I gave in and did it more than that, I was going to blow, then we'd have to wait for me to get hard again. I doubted that would take long, given the circumstances, but who wanted to wait? Not me, that's for sure.

I worked a single finger into her ass first. I slid in up to the very top knuckle, feeling the searing heat in

when I pushed the fingers of my free hand into her pussy, she was literally soaked and her cunt clenched me greedily. She sighed. "I might come if you keep doing that," she whispered.

That was my plan.

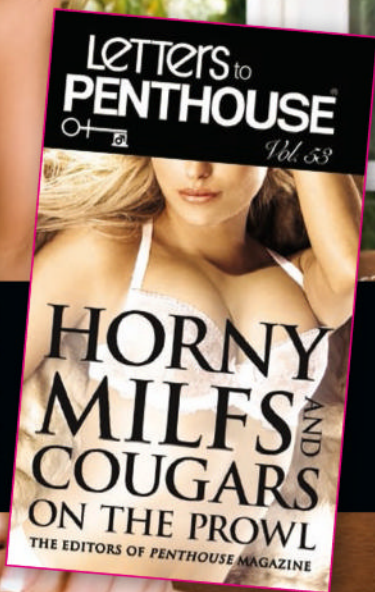
I slipped the plug in a bit farther and began a slow, rhythmic fucking with my free hand, three fingers deep inside, curling against the slick, smooth walls of her cunt. I did that until she came with a loud cry that made me want to come with her.

When her orgasm died down, I kissed the small of her back and pushed the plug in that final bit. It was in all the way, buried in her ass, and I was ready to fuck her.

"Hurry, hurry," Kay sighed and pushed her bottom higher. Just the

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sight of it had me clenching my jaw in concentration.

I positioned her on her knees, and I slipped three fat pillows under her belly before spreading her thighs wide so I could see her nether lips. I gave in and buried my face between her thighs for a moment, tasting the sweet nectar of her pussy as my nose bumped the glass plug. Every time I licked her and my face nudged the glass, she shivered.

Finally, I couldn't take any more of teasing her, because teasing her was killing me. I tested her cunt with my fingers to find her—as unbelievable as it was—more wet than before. Twisting the plug back and forth a bit to give her a jolt, I rubbed the tip

The more restlessly she moved, the closer I got to climaxing.

Kay reached under herself, and I could see her shoulder jostling as she rubbed her clit. Her arm moved in aggressive jerks and then she came, her pussy spasming around my erection so intensely that I bit my lip hard enough to see stars. My fingers dug into her ass. Just a few more strokes were all I wanted.

I twisted the plug some more, and she moaned. Her fingers started to move once more, and I knew if she managed to get off yet again, I was done for. I couldn't withstand another squeeze from her cunt.

I twisted the plug again, feeling the press of the glass to my cock through

Kay forced her
body back, ramming my cock
deeper, the butt plug
pressing more firmly into her hole.

of my cock along her slit. When she pushed back, opening more to receive me, my mind went blank. I was all about fucking her. She'd never seemed so tight, so wet, as when I slid into her drenched pussy with her ass full of that toy.

I swore I could feel the rigid plug rub against me with each thrust, there being such a small amount of skin between our toy and my prick. Kay pushed her head into the mattress and moaned. It was a sexy, needy sound that had my stomach tumbling like I was falling.

"Touch yourself, baby," I whispered. "This first time is going to just blow by. I can tell." And it was true. The deeper I moved in her, the more I ran my thumb over that glass plug.

that fragile membrane of flesh inside her. Kay gasped and forced her body back against me, ramming my cock deeper and pressing the butt plug more firmly into her back hole.

I turned the toy again and she hissed. Then she clamped down on me hard, intentionally squeezing me, and I held her steady and thrust deep. She came again and took me with her. My body pressed to hers, my belly wedging that plug in tight.

Kay shuddered once more under me, and when I bowed my head, trying to catch my breath, she turned and said, "So, any other toys you wanted to try, baby?"

You bet your ass there will be.

Mr. Pete T.,
Nashville, Tennessee
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Female Domination letters





COOKING MAGAZINE SPICES UP COUPLE'S SEX LIFE

It had never occurred to me to ask. And apparently it had never occurred to Brad to tell. So when we were packing up to move from our tiny apartment to an actual townhouse, it all came out by accident. Because of one simple act.

It had been a half-irritated, half-amused gesture on my part. Brad had been packing the good dishes with the everyday dishes, instead of wrapping them separately like I'd asked. I was sorting the mail at the time, and I rolled up a magazine and swatted him on the ass like he was a bad dog. It was just a joke. But the look on his face was one I'd never seen before.

"What?" I asked, warily.

He shook his head quickly, keeping his eyes lowered. "Nothing."

It was the way he moved away from me—an odd sideways crab walk—that tipped me off.

"Brad, did I hurt you? I was only fucking arou—" By then I'd managed to bounce my way in front of him, smiling to show it had all been in good fun.

The look of dread on his face made me freeze. The blush in his cheeks was what made me look down to see that his cock was as hard as stone. I traced the outline of his rigid length with the tip of my finger, the silken material of his basketball shorts aiding my motion. When I fingered the obvious tip of his dick,

part of all was that his erection had jumped and quivered when I'd administered just one good blow.

My pussy grew wetter, eager for me to punish and tease him, and then to get that cock inside me, where it belonged.

"It did," I breathed. "It made you hard. Sorry, lover," I said, running the magazine, smooth and heavy and completely unthreatening at the moment, up and down the slope of his bottom. "What I meant to say is: It made you *harder*."

He said nothing, just chewed his lower lip and looked at me like he thought I would hate him. I kissed him again.

"You never told me," I said, mov-

Blow ten brought
him to a place where his cheeks
were the color of roses
and his eyes had that glazed look.

he shuddered, and I felt wetness in my panties.

"That turned you on." It wasn't a question.

"No," he said, suspiciously averting his eyes.

I wrapped my fingers loosely around his prick and reached behind him with the magazine. Meeting his eyes and holding his dick as my own personal lie detector, I rapped him again with the magazine. Harder this time. I aimed perfectly to bring it down hard right in the center of one of his perfect, taut asscheeks.

He jumped, and a small moan slipped out of him. I wanted to kiss that moan away, lick it from his lips. So I did, standing on tiptoe to kiss him hard and wet. But the best

ing a bit to run my makeshift paddle over his other cheek. Before he thought better of it, he presented for me. Maybe it was a subconscious act, but he pushed his bottom out enough for me to get the perfect contact. I laughed softly and a small groan escaped him, embarrassment warring with arousal.

"I didn't know how."

"Well, I know now," I said. I wrapped my hand more tightly around his cock and wished the stupid shorts would disappear. But the fact that I was touching him without actually touching him was part of the appeal, so I kept my cool. I stroked up and down his hard member until I could see his knees shaking just a bit. Then I lowered my head to suck

the glans of his cock through the smooth fabric.

I straightened swiftly, and he eyed me warily. "However, there is the small matter of you packing the wrong dishes in these boxes," I said in my best no-nonsense voice.

"But—I—"

"You packed the wrong dishes in these boxes. I told you probably ten times to pack the two sets separately." I was back to moving the rolled-up magazine gently over his bottom. I could see him fighting to keep his eyes focused on me, when

I yanked Brad's boxers and shorts down together in one brisk motion, as if performing a magic trick. His ass is pretty magical if you ask me. "There we go." I slid my magazine along his bare butt cheeks and watched him shudder just a little. "Now then, I think that ten is a good even number for your error. Do you agree?"

He nodded, pressing his lips together and moving restlessly in place. I slid my finger along his asscrack, feeling his body tremble. When I probed the puckered hole of his anus, he jumped and I smiled.



they just wanted to drift shut.

"I'm sorry."

"And you should be. Push down your shorts and bend over that chair."

"I—but—what?"

"You heard me." I bumped him in the back of his leg with my knee to get him moving. As he walked, his erection was supremely evident, which thrilled me.

He moved to the lone dining-room chair and rested against it for a beat. I saw my opportunity and seized it. "Here, allow me to help you."

"I can't hear you, Brad," I said, and pressed against his opening again.

"Yes."

"Yes, what?" I nudged the tip of my finger inside his back hole, and he sighed so long and so loud that he sounded like he might deflate.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good boy. Count for me." I pressed my finger a bit deeper and felt him quiver, and then I began to deliver the blows with my glossy cooking magazine.

By the time we got to five, he was sobbing. It sounded like it was more

from relief than pain. I mean, how bad can a magazine hurt, anyway? By blow eight, his cock could have chipped diamonds. I paused to let him anticipate those final blows and to rub his hard prick until he was panting. "Don't you dare come," I said in his ear, and he whimpered.

Blow ten brought him to a place where his cheeks were the color of pale summer roses and his eyes had that glazed look he gets from a long, happy night of drinking. When I turned him to face me, he smiled a slow, sticky-sweet smile.

me with just the tip of his tongue and delivering a mind-bending orgasm, causing me to yank his hair so hard that he growled.

I dropped to my knees, fell to my back and parted my thighs. I was not wet between the legs any more. I was whatever lived beyond wet, whatever resided past slippery and slick. I was soaked. "Fuck me," I said.

Brad slid between my parted thighs and dragged his rigid cock up and down my drenched slit. He pressed my clit briefly, and I repeated my demand: "Fuck me!"



"Down on your knees," I said, and he dropped like a stone. I pushed down my own shorts, baring my pussy, which was thumping merrily with need and urgency. I pointed to my slit. "Do what you do."

And he did. He ate me like I was his last meal, his tongue a mix of perfect hesitancy and irrational hunger. His licks went from soft to light, from frantic to lazy. He nibbled my clit intensely, making me pull his hair rudely and thrust my hips forward. He opened his mouth and covered my pussy completely before finding

He pushed into me with a sigh, my heels digging into his ass and spurring him on. I held his face in my hands and kissed my own juices off his plump lips. I moved up to take him in, thrusting my hips up hard as he plunged into me.

"Don't come until I say," I ordered, and a brief nod was all the answer I needed.

Grabbing his ass, I ground up against him, and he started to move in that back-and-forth way that always does me in. I came, clutching at him like a madwoman. Another or-

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gasm crept up right behind that one, and I held his biceps as he drove into me relentlessly. When release was just within reach, right there waiting to overcome me, I whispered, "Now."

Brad came undone. His rhythm grew wild, and when he climaxed, he slammed into me hard enough to give me that extra jolt. I came with him. The magazine lay innocently not a foot away. Who knew it would change the way I looked at sex? You learn something new every day.

*Ms. Heather S.,
Sarasota, Florida*

A BREAKFAST BLUNDER FORCES THIS DOMME TO TAKE HER SUB TO TASK

Michael knows that if I allow him to spend the night, he's responsible for making breakfast the next day. And I expect a gourmet spread. Usually, he's good about fulfilling his duties, and he typically makes scones with clotted cream and jam, a frittata with fresh vegetables, or French toast made from flaky croissants. He's never failed to deliver a delicious meal—until last weekend.

When I woke Saturday morning, Michael was already up, and his pallet next to my bed was empty. I could smell coffee brewing in the kitchen, and the aroma alone had me wide awake in a matter of moments. I pulled a silk robe on over my negligee, stepped into my heeled slippers and, after stopping to fix my hair in the mirror, walked down the hall to the kitchen to see what my slave was cooking.

I saw a muffin tin through the oven's glass door, and a bowl of eggshells sat next to the stove, where it seemed Michael was making an omelet. My session with Michael the night before had been intense, and I'd definitely worked up an appetite. I couldn't wait to sit down to the feast he was preparing.

Michael handed me a steaming cup of coffee and then hurried to set the dining-room table. He set out placemats, dishes and silverware, then pulled out my chair at the head of the table so I could sit. He unfurled a cloth napkin and spread it across my lap, pushed my chair in and straightened the silverware. Then he went to get the food. It had smelled so good while he was cooking, but when he brought out the serving tray with all the dishes, everything was wrong. Michael knew it, too. I saw the shame on his face.

The muffin he put on my plate was burnt, the eggs were runny and the sausage was shriveled up and dripping grease. He kept his head down as he served me, and when he sat at his own place, he refused to look at me. He didn't say anything as I took bites of everything he'd given me, choking it down to be sure it was actually as bad as it looked. It was. Michael was in a lot of trouble.

I didn't bother eating any more. There was no reason to punish myself when I could punish Michael instead. As soon as I rose from the table, he knew what was coming. He immediately pushed back his chair and slid out of it and onto his knees. He crawled over to me and, when he was in front of me, waited for my instructions. He didn't say a word. He knew better.


"How could you serve your mistress such an awful meal?" I asked.

"I'm sorry, Mistress," he said quietly. "I didn't mean—"

"I don't care what you meant," I barked at him. "I care about what you did, and what you did was serve me burnt muffins and runny eggs. Is that any way to treat a woman?"

"No, Mistress. I'm very sorry," he apologized.

"You're going to be punished," I told him, and he nodded, letting me know he understood. "Back to the



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kitchen," I commanded.

Michael crawled on his hands and knees to the kitchen, and I followed close behind, watching his boxer-clad ass sway as he went. He was wearing only his underwear and an apron, and it gave me the chance to ogle him. Michael's the most attractive submissive I've ever had, and I savored the opportunity to admire him without giving up any of my authority over him.

In the kitchen, I told Michael to stand and had him lean forward against the counter. I pulled down

Michael began to whimper with desire, I flicked my wrist and whacked his ass with the spatula. The plastic utensil made an arousing *thwack* as it hit him, and when I pulled my hand back, his right cheek was slightly pink where he'd been hit. There were even faint lines denoting the spatula's narrow slots. I wasn't even close to done yet, though, and I stepped back and prepared to strike him again.

Michael tried to keep quiet, but I heard his soft moans of excitement each time I hit his butt with my make-



his shorts and grabbed the spatula from the dish rack. I showed him the implement I'd chosen and asked if he thought it was a good choice. He said, "Yes, Mistress," then leaned over further, sticking his ass out for me. I ran my hand across his cheeks, feeling his firm ass quiver under my touch. I caressed him with the flat end of the spatula, letting him feel the smooth plastic, then pulled my arm back and prepared to spank him.

I waited a moment, letting the anticipation build, but as soon as Michael

shift paddle. After spanking him a half-dozen times, I sped up my pace and struck him a little harder. His ass turned bright pink, but it still wasn't enough for him. When I asked if he'd had his fill and learned his lesson, he said no. "I know I burned the muffins, Mistress," he said, "but I think the eggs were fine." He knew they weren't, but he obviously wanted the spanking to continue, and I was more than happy to oblige him. After all, a good punishment was the only way to be certain he wouldn't mess up my breakfast in the future.

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Again, I made him wait. I may have been willing to give him what he wanted, but I wasn't going to do it on his timeline. I walked away from him and went to the fridge to get a glass of orange juice, continuously smacking the spatula against my thigh, making him squirm. I watched him for a minute out of the corner of my eye, and when I felt he'd waited long enough, I put my glass down and walked back over to join him at the counter. The spatula wasn't going to be enough anymore, so I dropped it in the sink and opened the drawer that holds all my whisks and spoons. Making sure Michael saw what I was doing, I pulled out a long wooden spoon and studied it. His sharp in-

my pussy. He turned around and quickly got on his knees before lifting my short nightie and placing his mouth on my cunt. He started licking and sucking me, and his lips and tongue worked me over expertly. Whatever mistakes he'd made with my breakfast he was making up for with his pussy-eating skills. I shivered excitedly when his tongue circled my clit, and my fingertips dug into my thighs when he then started fucking me with his tongue. I never allow him to use his fingers when he eats me, but he doesn't need to, he does an excellent job with only his mouth.

It didn't take Michael long to bring me to climax. He was more than eager to please me, and he worked

Michael tried
to keep quiet, but I heard his moans
of excitement each
time I hit his butt with my paddle.

take of breath let me know I'd chosen correctly, and I closed the drawer before taking my place behind him once more.

I angled my body so I would have the best aim, then swung my arm and hit him across his ass. He jumped when the spoon made contact, then sighed happily when he felt its pleasant sting. The next dozen strikes came even more rapidly, and Michael continued to moan.

Eventually, I thought he'd had enough, and I stopped. "Have you learned your lesson?" I asked.

"Yes, Mistress," he assured me. "I'll never make those mistakes again."

Satisfied with his response, I told him that since he hadn't eaten his breakfast, I'd let him have a snack—

harder than ever to make sure I had an incredible orgasm. When I was done, he licked me clean, like a good boy, and then I told him he'd be allowed to come, too—after I had breakfast. He hurried to make a fresh omelet, new sausage and some toast, and when I was satisfied that he'd served me something worth eating and had cleaned my plate, I rewarded him by jerking him to climax.

I know that next time I allow Michael to spend the night, he'll prepare me only the finest gourmet feast. And if he doesn't, I have dozens of spatulas and spoons that would make wonderful paddles in the event of his punishment.

*Ms. Bethany C.,
Shreveport, Louisiana*
PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS

HOW TO PLEASE A DEMANDING DOMME



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Fetishism letters





**A FOOT FETISHIST
FINDS HIS PERFECT TEN
IN THE SANDAL SECTION**

I've always had a hard-on for pretty feet. I don't know exactly when I started checking out a girl from toe to head rather than head to toe. But if a girl has attractive tootsies, I'll consider her a perfect ten. Luckily for me, I live in a city where the preferred shoe styles are flip-flops and sandals. Even luckier for me, I work in a store that sells women's shoes. I spend hours each day helping women choose the shoes of their dreams. What most don't realize is as they search for their perfect pair they're making *my* fantasies come true.

This week, I was able to help a customer who fit my desires to a T-strap. She was a knockout. Anyone would have no-

ticed her. Even if she had on clogs or boots or snowshoes, I would have recognized that she was attractive with her waves of copper hair and her sun-kissed skin. But she had on a wispy pair of gladiator sandals that wrapped around her exquisite calves and revealed her feet to sublime perfection. I almost was too tongue-tied to help her.

"I love these shoes," she cooed as she extended one lovely foot. "And I want to get them in another color. Do you have scarlet? Or turquoise? I'm a seven."

I wanted to argue and say that no, she was a ten. But instead, I nodded. We had both colors. Then I hurried to the stockroom to fetch the pairs be-

skin and her gold-painted toes. But she seemed unsure.

After a moment, she sat and thrust her leg out for me again. With a deep sigh, I undid this pair and helped her into the turquoise gladiators. She promenaded for several minutes in those, walking circles around me as she studied the shoes from all angles.

"I can't decide," she said. "I like both of them, and I know you brought the blue and the emerald, too, didn't you?"

I had.

She settled down in front of me once more, and again offered her leg. Looking up, I finally realized she wasn't wearing any panties. How I

She had on a pair
of gladiator sandals that wrapped
around her calves
and revealed her feet to perfection.

fore one of my fellow coworkers tried to steal her away. I brought her a stack of the gladiators—one in every color we had. Sometimes women want to try on the shoes solo, but this girl perched at the edge of one of our plush seats and thrust her leg out toward me. Clearly, she wanted me to unlace her. I thought I might come on the spot.

With every ounce of restraint that I possessed, I carefully unfastened her current shoes and helped her into the red pair. She stood and walked back and forth a few times in front of me on the carpeted floor, not paying me any attention. She was busy checking out her reflection in the mirror. The red pair looked lovely, especially with her tanned

had missed that was beyond me. I suppose I had been so overwhelmed by the beauty of her feet that I had not even bothered to stare at what was right in front of my face.

"I have a favor to ask," she said. She must have caught on to the fact that I was gazing up her short skirt at her shaved pussy. Yes, I have a thing for feet, but I am a man. Naked pussy trumps pretty toes any day of the week.

"Anything," I said. My voice was gravely with need.

"It's a pretty big favor," she continued.

I was aware that she'd taken her bare foot and rested it ever so lightly on the bulge in my slacks. The stack of shoeboxes was blocking what she

was doing from the other patrons, but I could hardly think. There was so much lust pinging through my body, I would have agreed to do anything she asked.

"I'd like to buy all of the shoes," she said. "All six pairs. Red, turquoise, blue, emerald, lavender, and black."

"That's your favor?"

She shook her head. I was able to discern the movement, even while staring at her pussy.

"I'd like you to come over tonight and watch me try them on—if that

didn't know what to do first. I wanted to fall down on my knees and kiss her glossy toenails. Then I wanted to carry her to the nearest horizontal location—sofa, bed, lounge—and fuck the living daylights out of her.

"I'd offer you a drink," she said as she welcomed me into her place, "but you look as if you have something else on your mind."

That was all I needed to put my plan into action. I lifted her into my arms and carried her toward what I hoped was the bedroom. Bingo. I found the master bedroom on the



might be something you'd be interested in."

I think I said yes. I know I nodded. I believe I bagged up her purchase, ran her card, and walked her to the car. I'm sure she gave me her address. I even remember a kiss by her convertible. But the only thing I know in my heart for a fact is that I showed up at her beachfront apartment right after work and my dick was so hard that I could have knocked on her door with the head.

She greeted me wearing a black bikini and the black gladiators. I
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first try, and spread her out on her California King. She looked so beautiful lying on the comforter, her legs spread, her body glittery with some sort of decadent lotion.

"You're the sexiest customer I've ever had."

She smiled at me.

"All afternoon, the only thing I could think of was your beautiful feet."

She started to undo her sandals. I watched, breathless, as she revealed her splendid feet once more. She beckoned to me, and I sat on

the edge of the bed. While I watched in awe, she started to run her toes up and down my cock through my slacks. That would have made me come if she had not motioned for me to get undressed and join her. I couldn't get out of my clothes quick enough. When I was naked, she swapped places with me. I was on my back looking up at her, and she sat on the edge of the mattress and started to use her feet to caress my dick.

I don't think I've ever experienced anything so erotic before. She cra-

footjob, stroking me so heavenly I hardly remembered when I needed to breathe. Right before I reached my cusp, she moved and licked my cock from head to root, wetting the entire shaft and bobbing for a moment on the crown. With my cock thus lubed, she returned to her previous position, letting me fuck the intersection of her feet.

"I want you to come all over my toes," she instructed. "Coat them with your come. And then I will try on my favorite pair of high heels for you, and you can eat me out while I wrap



dled my cock between the soles of her feet and began to jack me off. She was limber, so flexible, and she didn't seem to have any problem with the fact that I only had eyes for her feet. She worked her soft soles up and down until I was dangerously close to coming.

"Do you want to be in me?" she asked. "Or do you want to shoot on my feet?"

Oh, my God. She actually had guessed my number-one fantasy.

"On your feet," I begged. "Please."

She grinned and kept up her

my legs around you. I'll make sure you can feel those shoes on your back."

She was a pixie. A fairy. Able to flicker through my fantasies and call out my different favorite ones. I came exactly like she said, moving so I could shoot all over her toes. She giggled as I climaxed, happy to see the effect her feet had on me. Then she polished off her toes with a towel and went to her closet to choose a new pair.

When I saw the hundreds of shoes she had lined up on shelves, I lay

back on her bed in a state of bliss. In a world of fetishists, we'd become the perfect pair.

*Mr. Matthew H.,
San Diego, California*

HER BOYFRIEND WORKS HER INTO A LATHER WITH HIS SHAVING SKILLS

The first time Garrett shaved my legs, I thought he was only being cute. He'd come over unannounced after being out of town for a week, and since I was alone, I hadn't bothered shaving in a few days. It was winter, so I'd been wearing pants every day anyway. But when Garrett stopped by, of course my pants came off, and he came face to face with my stubble-covered legs. He wasn't going to be deterred, though, and he swept me into the shower where he quickly rid me of the prickly problem before taking me to bed and ravishing me.

I thought it was a one-time thing, but the next time he came over, he asked if he could do it again. Since then, it's become a regular part of our foreplay.

Once a month, Garrett and I plan a special date and agree not to see each other for several days beforehand. While we're apart, I make sure not to shave my legs, and after three days the hair has grown in long enough to be really noticeable. That's when we have our date.

Our most recent shaving date was last Friday. Garrett left work early to beat me home, then ran a hot bath for me. I walked into the bathroom as he turned off the tap, and when he heard me enter, he turned his attention from the tub. He wasted no time getting my clothes off. He held my hand as I stepped out of my shoes, then quickly but carefully peeled off my slacks, blouse and lingerie. When I was totally naked, he helped me into the tub, holding me steady

until I was sitting in the warm, sudsy water.

When I was comfortable in the bath, Garrett left for a few minutes to get everything he'd need to shave me. I leaned back and relaxed, letting the slightly steamy water ease the tension from my muscles and soften the hair on my legs. Soaking in silence felt good, but I was anxious for my boyfriend to come back so we could get to the fun part.

Garrett gave me just enough time to relax before returning, and the water was still warm when he rolled up his sleeve and stuck his hand into the tub, reaching between my legs. He rubbed his fingers over my trimmed bush before trailing his hand down and stroking my thigh. Satisfied that I was ready, he rinsed me off and helped me step out onto the bathmat. He pulled the plug on the drain, filled a small bowl with clean water and set up his tools along the edge of the tub.

He sprayed some shaving gel into his palm and rubbed it between his hands, turning it into thick, rich foam. He then rubbed his hands up and down my left leg, covering me from ankle to thigh with the white shaving cream. He wiped his hands on the towel, then swirled a new razor in the bowl of water before bringing it to my leg. Starting at the ankle, he swiped the razor along my skin, clearing away the cream and the short hairs beneath it. I felt the blades graze my leg as Garrett carefully shaved me, and I shivered with delight. I don't get turned on when I shave myself, but when my boyfriend does it for me, I get incredibly aroused.

I knew Garrett was enjoying the experience as well, and I saw a large bulge forming in the front of his pants. He never lost his focus, though, and the razor kept sliding along my calf, creating clean, straight paths through the foam. As

he bared more and more of my leg, his movements became quicker, but his hand remained steady. I'm always impressed with how careful he is, though he's so turned on. Even when my legs started to shake from my own arousal, he stayed in control, the razor never veering off course.

When he'd cleared several inches of skin, he reached out and ran a finger up and down my bare skin. His touch was soft and gentle and sent shivers up my spine, and I wondered how fast he could finish shaving me so we could move on with our evening. I was getting wetter by the minute, and I felt my juices start to run out of me and trickle down my thighs, creating trails in the shaving

anticipation of what was coming next. I watched as Garrett swished the razor in the water to clean it off, then placed it on the side of the tub. When that was out of the way, he grabbed a small towel and ran it up and down my legs, cleaning off the foamy remnants, then stroked my now-hairless legs with his fingertips. Every second he spent worshipping my legs drove me crazier, though, and I knew he was just as anxious to come. His stiff cock was standing up proudly from his pants, and I saw a shining pearl of pre-come clinging to the head. All that was left was to turn my boyfriend's attention from my legs to my pussy.

My clit was in desperate need of

I felt my juices
start to run out of me and trickle
down my thighs,
creating trails in the shaving cream.

cream. As soon as Garrett noticed, he got back to work, his razor rapidly slicing through the foam as he finished my left leg.

I was hoping he'd skip my right leg, or at least save it until after we'd had sex, but Garrett is nothing if not dedicated, and he insisted on finishing. He worked even faster on the right leg than he had on the left, but he still had to unzip his pants halfway through to free his erection, which had grown harder than ever. I ogled his cock with the same intensity he had when staring at my legs, silently begging him to finish soon so I could enjoy his dick. I was going crazy waiting for him to fuck me.

As his razor scraped off the last of the shaving cream, I groaned in an-

attention, and I squeezed my thighs together to try to quell the ache. The sudden movement got Garrett's attention, and his eyes darted up my legs to the cleft between them. All of a sudden, his eyes clouded over and he looked like a wolf eyeing his prey. Without another second of hesitation, he leaned in and placed his mouth on my wet pussy. I hissed loudly as he finally gave me what I wanted, his lips and tongue quickly attaching to my clit and working me deliciously.

His tongue flicked rapidly over my clit as he sucked me, then he moved his mouth lower to probe my slit while his fingers kneaded my ass. He didn't stay between my legs for long. After bringing me to a short, quick climax, he stood up and pushed

down his pants. He stepped out of them before grabbing me in his arms and hoisting me up onto the counter next to the bathroom sink. He spread my legs wide, stepped between my thighs and slammed his cock into my pussy.

He kept his hands on my thighs as he fucked me, caressing my smooth legs each time he thrust in and out. It felt amazing to be getting what I'd waited for all day. His cock filled me perfectly each time he pushed in, and I squeezed my muscles around him, increasing the pleasurable sensations for both of us and bringing us closer to our orgasms.

Even though I'd come once already, I was quickly on the verge of another climax. I wanted Garrett to come with me, though, so I tried to hold out until I knew he was teetering on the edge, too. Luckily, our shaving scene minutes earlier had gotten him hot, and he was as close to his breaking point as I was. As his fingers dug into my thighs, I pulled him close and tried my hardest to match his thrusts. It wasn't enough, so I wrapped my legs tightly around his waist and pulled him even deeper. After that, it took only a minute before we were ready to explode.

Garrett and I came at almost the exact same moment, and his hard dick throbbed inside my spasming pussy as we cried out in our mutual ecstasy.

Afterward, I helped my boyfriend undress and then climbed into the shower with him so we could wash off and get in one more fuck before heading out on our date. I can only indulge his shaving fetish so often, so we always make the most of our special dates. Still, I knew I wouldn't make him wait too long before we did it again—because I knew that I couldn't wait!

*Ms. Amelia G.,
Jersey City, New Jersey*

A PAIR OF RIPPED PANTS HELPS THESE FETISHISTS LIVE OUT THEIR BLUE-JEAN SEX DREAMS

I know most people have leather and latex fetishes, but neither fabric has ever done it for me. What really turns me on is denim. I love a woman in a pair of tight jeans or a nice denim skirt. Even a jacket will work, as long as it fits the girl and hugs her curves. I wear jeans a lot, but it's not nearly as arousing when I'm the one wearing denim. Half the appeal is seeing the way the fabric stretches around a woman's round ass, firm breasts or toned thighs.

When I met Janet, I really lucked out. She not only shares my love of denim, she wears it all the time. Unless she's required to dress up, she wears jeans every day, with the occasional denim skirt thrown in when it's too hot for pants. Her favorite jeans—and mine—were a pair of nicely fitted ripped pants with holes in the knees and wildly frayed hems. They had a missing back pocket and the seams were dotted with small holes from constant wear.

We'd been dating for a few weeks when Janet's jeans finally fell apart. I was at her apartment, helping her put together new bookshelves, and when she bent over to grab a hammer, the seam along her right inner thigh gave out. I heard the loud rip as the denim tore apart, finally succumbing to the pressure of near-daily wear. Janet looked horrified when she realized what had happened, but I had very different feelings about her denim disaster.

I could see through the rip that she wasn't wearing any underwear, and suddenly the bookshelves were forgotten as I felt intense arousal take over. Janet must've noticed the lust in my eyes, because when she looked over to see my reaction, she gasped loudly. I didn't say anything as I

moved toward her, practically lunging across the small space separating us. She stayed still and waited for me to reach her—curious, I'm sure, about what I was going to do.

I caressed her thighs, my hands sliding up and down as they worked from the outside in. As my fingers traveled along the faded blue material, I felt each row of thread that created the fabric and my short nails snagged on the frayed edges of the holes that decorated Janet's upper legs. The feel of the soft, worn denim—stretched taut around my girlfriend's thighs—was a turn-on, and I felt my dick press hard against the front of my own jeans. I'd been half-hard all day from admiring my

felt good under my tongue, but it was the impressions of the material on her shaved mound and the scent of the recently washed denim that really made my cock ache.

As I ate her pussy, I ran my hands up and down her denim-clad legs and let the torn crotch tickle my face. I contemplated opening my zipper to let my throbbing cock out, but decided I wanted to feel the rough material of my own jeans rub against it longer. (I'd gone commando that day, too, as I usually do when I'm in jeans.) Within minutes, I felt a wet spot forming on the front of my pants and knew I wasn't going to last very long. I wanted to fuck Janet before I exploded, but I wanted to make sure

As I ate her pussy,
I ran my hands up and down her
denim-clad legs and
let the torn crotch tickle my face.

girl's denim-encased ass and legs, but being able to touch her had really increased the pressure in my pants.

When my hands reached the new hole in the inner seam, I didn't hesitate before gripping both edges of the fabric and pulling hard. Janet's jeans ripped right across the crotch, exposing her bare pussy, but keeping her legs covered. Unable to resist, I pushed my head between her legs and pressed my mouth against her cunt, getting a taste of her. The torn edges of her pants brushed my face as I licked her. The material pressed against my cheeks, forehead and chin as I dove deeper into my girlfriend's pussy. She tasted tangy and sweet, and her cunt lips

I got her off before we started, so I had to work fast.

My tongue was buried deep in her cleft, so I thrust it rapidly a few more times and then moved my mouth up to suck on her clit. She started to pant loudly as she got closer to her climax, but I wasn't done yet. When I felt she was teetering on the edge, I removed my mouth and pressed an edge of her pants against her hard bud. I toggled her clit through the denim and after only a moment, she came. She yelped as she climaxed, and I held the material in place, prolonging her excitement.

Once the waves of her orgasm had waned, I unzipped my pants and let my turgid cock spring free of its denim prison. It was rock-hard

and the head was coated with a dollop of pre-come, so I was ready for action. I pushed my pants down just enough to be out of the way, pulled Janet onto the floor and moved on top of her. I aimed my cock at her entrance and thrust inside in one smooth move.

Again, as tight and wet as her pussy was, what really had me excited was the way the denim of our pants felt against me as we fucked. My jeans were rubbing my thighs while hers were sliding back and forth against my pelvis as I pumped

again, signaling the start of her second orgasm. Ready to explode as well, I held myself over her with one hand and, as I continued thrusting, moved my other hand between our bodies to stroke her clit with the material again, since I knew that would set her off. I was right, and with only one touch she was done. Then it was my turn. I pumped frantically as I brought myself to the edge, and with my hand still gripping the ripped edge of her jeans, I came harder than ever before.

Janet made sure that after we'd



into her. The fabric was soft and rough at the same time, and the friction enhanced the sensations created by our thrusting. Even though we'd fucked while wearing denim in the past, we'd never done it while wearing so much. Usually, Janet would wear a denim miniskirt and jacket, and that didn't create the same effects. This was an entirely new—and incredibly arousing—experience.

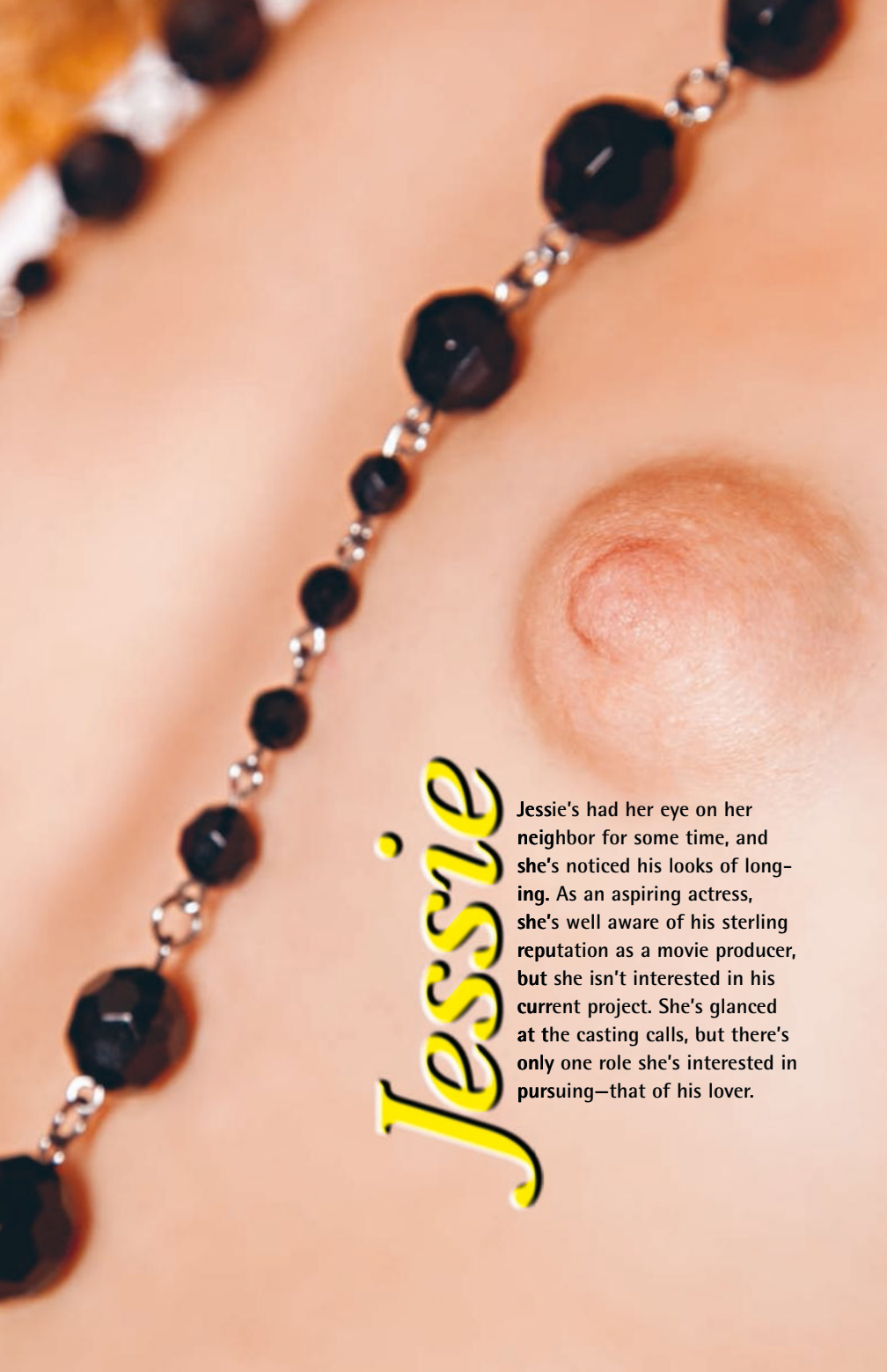
I don't know how I lasted as long as I did, but I managed to hold on until Janet's pussy started to spasm

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had a minute to savor the “after-glow,” as she calls it, we dressed and finished putting together her bookshelves. But once our work was done, we retreated to the bedroom. She added a new denim shirt to the mix, and I got to fuck her while she was enveloped in my favorite material. She kept the ripped jeans when we were done, too, so we'll be able to do it again whenever the mood strikes—which I'm sure will be sooner rather than later.

*Mr. George J.,
Salinas, California*






Jessie

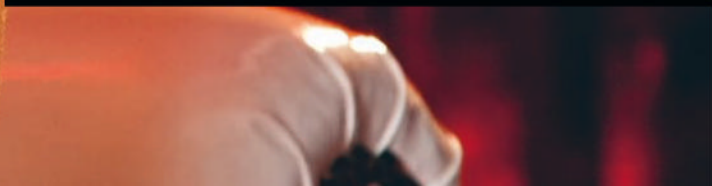
Jessie's had her eye on her neighbor for some time, and she's noticed his looks of longing. As an aspiring actress, she's well aware of his sterling reputation as a movie producer, but she isn't interested in his current project. She's glanced at the casting calls, but there's only one role she's interested in pursuing—that of his lover.







An invitation for drinks turns into a sultry striptease. Jessie's show leaves her neighbor slack-jawed with lust. The sight of her pert breasts and pink pussy has him on the edge of his seat—and his cock throbbing in his pants.





Tasting herself on her fingers, Jessie moans passionately. A few strokes bring her to the edge of orgasm, then she beckons him closer to help her finish the job. Their mutual climax is a stunning finale, but in her head, she's already planning the blockbuster sequel.





BRIDE-TO-BE SAYS SAYONARA TO THE SINGLE LIFE BY BANGING HER BRIDESMAIDS

The flight to Vegas was nearly six hours long, and after an excruciating day at work, spending that much time on a plane was the last thing I wanted to do. But I knew once I arrived it would all be worth it. Allison's bachelorette weekend was sure to be a wild one, and I doubted I'd remember my Thursday-night exhaustion by the time Friday night rolled around.

By late Friday morning, all the other girls had arrived, and the real party could begin. I'd managed to sneak in a few hours of sleep the night before, and I was ready to go. Throughout the day, there was drinking and gambling, and by dinnertime we were in a theater, watching a troupe of hunky, muscled men dance around half-naked. The dancers were arousing, but not nearly as much as the other women I was with, all of whom were out of their seats and excitedly shaking their asses in time with the men onstage.

While all other eyes were on the show at the front of the room, mine were glued to the figures of the women dancing next to me. It was impossible to tear my eyes away from their generous curves, long limbs and smooth moves. I've always been attracted to women, but I'd never felt anything as strong as I felt that night. I was lusting after my girlfriends in a way I never had before.

After the show, we headed to a club for drinks and dancing. As the night wore on, the number of us who were partying dwindled. We went from twelve to nine to five,



until finally there were just three of us left: myself, Allison and Leah.

The attraction I felt for the other two women was undeniable, and as I danced with them, I found it hard to hide my desire. I started grinding against them, my dance moves going from friendly to flirty to down and dirty. I hoped my friends felt as aroused as I did, or I'd be wasting all my flirtatious energy trying to lure them in when it would be better spent on someone else.

Allison erased my worry a moment after that thought, leaning in as we danced close and kissing me. Her lips were soft against mine, and when they parted, mine separated with them, granting her tongue ac-

lot more exciting. As I stood between the two women, kissing them and then watching them make out with each other, I started to caress and fondle them, remaining as discreet as possible while still getting my fill of their soft, feminine curves. It seemed as if time stood still as we kissed and touched each other in the middle of the dance floor, but eventually we were too hot to continue in public, and Allison was the first to suggest we move things up to her suite.

We barely spoke as we raced to the elevator and then up to Allison's room, but our hands and lips hardly left each other during the trek. In the privacy of her suite, we were able to take things even further, and our

As I ate Allison,
I peered up her torso to watch Leah's
tongue swirl around
her nipples, and my pussy throbbed.

cess. As our kiss deepened, I felt Allison's hands on my face, holding my mouth tight to hers, but I felt other hands on me, too. Leah, who I'd forgotten about, was grinding against me from behind, and her hands were gliding up and down my sides, sending shivers through me. I couldn't believe what was happening—right there in the club!

I wasn't going to push my luck, but when Leah spun me around so she could kiss me, too, I had a feeling that my night was about to get a

hands, which had been gently stroking and tickling moments earlier, began to rip at shirts and skirts and dresses.

There was no way we could control our urges any longer. It took only minutes for the three of us to undress each other, leaving us in only our skimpy lingerie. All that bare skin was tempting, and I couldn't decide whose body I wanted to explore first. Leah was closest to me, though, so I moved in on her.

Leah pressed her mouth to mine

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and slipped her tongue between my lips, but her hands went straight for my ass, which she sensually squeezed and stroked. Her fingers felt good against my skin, and I savored the moment before letting my hands do some exploring of their own. I gripped her shoulders and then slid my palms down her arms before moving to her sides and stroking her up and down. She shivered under my touch, and I relished the way her beautiful body responded to me, her skin warming beneath my fingers.

As aroused as we both were, our touches remained light and casual until Allison decided to join us. She'd stripped completely naked while we'd been busy making out, and now she eased herself between us, forcing us apart so she could plant her lips on Leah's. I pulled my hands back to give them more space, but Allison grabbed my wrists and stopped my retreat. Her lips still sealed to Leah's, she moved my hands to her own body, placing them on her bare tits and leaving me to play with them however I wanted.

It took me only seconds to get in on the action, and as soon as I did, things heated up even more. After only a minute or two in our new configuration, Allison broke her kiss with Leah and turned to remove my bra and panties. Leah didn't wait for help, unsnapping her bra and sliding down her thong before Allison had me naked. Then we moved to the bed, the three of us crashing onto the mattress at once.

Allison fell underneath us, so Leah and I turned our attention to her, Leah immediately moving in to suck her nipples while I inched down to eat her. She was already wet, and when my tongue touched her slit, she moaned loudly and pushed her pussy against my mouth. I dove right in, slipping my tongue between her

lips and getting a real taste of her. She was sweet and tangy, and I wiggled my tongue inside her as I tried to gather up as much of her juice as I could.

As I ate Allison, I peered up her torso to watch Leah's tongue swirl around her nipples, and my pussy throbbed with desire. I couldn't believe how hot it was to watch my girlfriends together, and I reached down to play with myself as I admired them. While I fingered my pussy, I dove back in, furiously eating Allison's cunt until I felt her climax. I sucked down all her sweet juices as she came, drinking up my reward.

When I looked up again, Leah had moved on from Allison's breasts and was now sitting on her face. I couldn't see what Allison was doing, but from our friend's moans and gasps, I knew she was doing good work. I watched them for a minute as I continued fingering my slit, and within moments I was on the verge of an orgasm. I kept my fingers working between my lips as I climaxed, and I felt my juice drip down my wrist as it flooded out of me. I fingered myself right through my first orgasm and into a second, smaller one, then turned my attention back to the other women.

Leah was still riding Allison's face, but she'd swung around so she was facing me now, and there was a look of lust in her eyes. I wanted to kiss her again, so I climbed up and straddled Allison's hips, then leaned forward and planted my lips against Leah's. Her tongue slipped into my mouth when our lips met, and she slid it against mine teasingly. Her kiss made me feel hot again in no time, and I started grinding against Allison as we made out, frantically rubbing my slick pussy against her.

We'd all climaxed already, so there was no pressure to make it happen again. It made it easier to relax and just enjoy each other. Leah and I got

lost in each other as Allison writhed beneath us, but as soon as Leah had another orgasm, we moved. I started making out with the bride-to-be while Leah went down on me, enthusiastically laving my pussy just like I'd done to Allison minutes earlier. Her mouth felt amazing on my cunt, and I tried to wiggle closer, wanting her tongue to thrust deeper. Meanwhile, Allison's tongue actually was thrusting deeper, exploring the depths of my mouth.

It was sensory overload. I wanted to tell Leah to keep going, to tonguefuck me harder, but I didn't want to pull my mouth away from Allison's to do it. Everything just felt so good! The two of them kept at it, each new

TEACHING HIS WIFE A LESSON, HE LEARNS A THING OR TWO

It was unexpected to find out that Jill loved being spanked. It had all started in good fun. She'd bought a dress; I was horny. I told her she was a bad girl for spending so much money, and since I wanted to fuck her anyway, I told her to lay herself out on the bed, naked, and I'd be in to deal with her. She played along, giving me a wink and sauntering off to the bedroom.

I don't think either of us anticipated the power of me seeing her spread out like that: facedown, belly flat to the mattress, ass ripe for a spanking. She looked like a work of art, and

I grasped her ass
as I came, feeling her follow close
behind, her sex
quivering greedily around my shaft.

feeling more intense than the last, until they'd brought me to my final climax of the night.

Afterward, the three of us lingered for a little while in bed, but not too long. It was already dawn, and I could see the sun peeking in through the thick, dark curtains. Leah and I needed to go.

Later that morning, when we met up with the rest of the women, we acted as if nothing had happened. When they asked about the club the night before, we brushed it off as though it had been the least exciting night of our lives. But I knew we all had extremely fond memories of our incredibly wild night.

*Ms. Jane R.,
Boston, Massachusetts*

my hand instantly itched to touch her skin. I skated my palm over the plump hill of her ass and down to the firm valley of the back of her thigh.

"I deserve to be punished," she said, acting her part. I'm not sure if she knew what she was doing to me. My tongue felt too big, and my cock followed suit. I unzipped my jeans and pushed them down, getting naked fast to accommodate my body's urges.

"And you will be," I muttered, sliding my fingertips along her rounded cheeks, down her crack, past her legs, and down to the dimpled backs of her knees. She shivered delightfully, and I watched—mesmerized—as her entire body broke out in a rash of gooseflesh.

I palmed her bottom, stroking her so that she'd relax. My wife has an ass like no other, and spending what felt like endless moments touching her there was a huge turn-on. But what came next—oh, that had me fearing I'd come before we even got to the fucking. Bringing my palm down on those taut buttocks, hearing that ear-sizzling snap of palm to flesh, watching her jerk and moan—that was enough to bring even the most stellar man to his knees.

"No," she moaned unconvincingly with a toss of her head. But even as she said no, she pushed her ass up into the air as if seeking my hand.

"No?" I asked, knowing that she didn't mean it, but concerned that I might have been reading her wrong. I pulled my arm back, though I was dying to lay down another blow on her pale flesh. Even as I waited for her to answer, a rosy doppelganger to my own hand was rising like a ghost from her skin.

Jill smiled at me over her shoulder for a brief moment and pushed up toward me again, wagging her ass impatiently to tell me I had the go ahead, confirming our game.

"You really need to watch the budget, Jill," I whispered.

One crack, two cracks, three cracks against that milky skin. When I got to the fifth blow, I was biting my lip to keep my focus. My hand was stinging, and my wife was writhing, her pretty body squirming on our big bed. Her thighs were parted some, and I could see, if I looked, the wet pink evidence of her need. My need was just as intense.

I dipped a finger into her slit and felt her hot flesh clamp down around my probing digit. "You are a bad, bad girl, Jill."

She simply groaned, pushing her body against my hand to drive my finger in deeper.

I kissed the pink marks on her butt.

I licked the skin I'd just brought to blushing. I buried my tongue in the space between those two lush ass-cheeks and licked from the top down to the tight star of her anus.

Jill clutched the bedsheets in her fists and my gut went tight, my balls ached. I wanted her, but it was so much fun—so hot—to watch her like this. Instead of giving in, I straddled her legs and ran my cock along the warm skin that still showed part of my palm print here, part of a finger there. Those spanked bits of Jill were warmer when they touched my cock. I nudged her slick cunt with just the tip of myself but didn't enter her, even though she cried out in disappointment when I moved.

"You never did say you're sorry," I reminded her.

She gasped, turned her head, her hair curtaining her face for a second. "Please—" she started, but I beat her to the finish line by delivering three smart smacks to her right asscheek.

Pushing the hair back from her face, I saw the twin splotches of red over her cheekbones, and then the matching blush below her collarbone. She only blushes like that when she's beyond turned on.

"I'm sorry," she said petulantly.

"You should be." I gave her three matching blows on the left asscheek and found that now it was more about trying to steady my own needs than anything.

I grunted to swallow my own sigh of frustration. Now I wanted to fuck her. Her eyes flickered over my face, and she said it again. "I'm sorry. Come over here. Let me make it up to you."

It only took a second to crawl up by her head as she rolled to her side, but not onto her back—still protecting that hot, tender skin, I was sure.

Her lips were searing and soft against my cock. She sucked the tip of me in at first—only the tip. My

head fell forward, and I fisted my hands near my thighs. It was an exercise in concentration and determination not to come in her mouth. So turned on, she was almost frantic herself. She sucked me harder than I could ever remember her doing, her mouth leaving wet tracks of saliva on my shaft. She managed to swallow almost all of my erection, and I felt the press of her throat on the head.

When I thought I might lose it, I pulled my dick out of her mouth, though she chased me for a second to get it back. "Turn over. I want to come buried balls-deep in you, sweetheart. And I want to come admiring my handiwork on your ass."

Jill flipped back to her belly, and I hiked her up on her hands and knees. I pushed myself between her spread thighs and raked my dick along her slick opening. She sighed, and I pushed my cock into her slowly, making the moment last. I clutched the meat of her hip in one hand, touched the proof of her spanking with the other.

Every time I probed her blushing flesh, she whimpered. Her cunt grew tighter and tighter, like a slippery fist squeezing my shaft. I hung my head, my heartbeat loud in my ears. I'd had no idea how into this she'd be. I'd had no idea how into this I'd be. Yet, there we were.

"Please," she said again and I knew what that meant. Faster. Deeper. More.

So I gave it to her. Four deep thrusts, and then she grabbed me with her internal muscles, taking me down. I grasped her ass as I came, feeling her follow close behind, her sex quivering greedily around my shaft.

I lowered my head, catching my breath even as she shivered. "Wow."

"Yes, wow," I said. I kissed the small of her back as I withdrew.

"You know," Jill said, carefully roll-

ing to her back. "Your sister called today."

"Did she?" Where was Jill going with this? "And?"

"And she asked me to go shopping with her this weekend."

With that, I smiled. I saw another spanking in my lovely wife's future.

*Mr. Jake W.,
Stamford, Connecticut*

WHEN THE LADIES COME TO VISIT, SHE HIRES A NEW "MAID" TO SERVE THEIR EVERY WHIM

When Steve and I married, I did not realize he was a football addict. That meant he and his buddies watched football in our media room every day possible. There were college games on Saturday, and pro games on Sunday and Monday. Not only did I feel like a football widow, but I was also being run ragged as their hostess. I found myself buying goodies and drinks for the game days, making sandwiches and dips, and serving snacks all the time. It was annoying, not only because it filled up my free time, but also because it interfered with my preparations for my weekly book club.

The book club I belong to meets at our home. Since we have a spacious house, I had volunteered to host. That turned out to be a mistake. It was a chore preparing and serving snacks and refreshments for ten to sixteen women every week. Yes, the women chipped in to help with the cost, but I was the one constantly running to and from the kitchen. Realizing I was frazzled between his football gatherings and the book club meetings, Steve offered to reciprocate by serving my guests so I could enjoy time with my friends. I did not hesitate to accept his generous offer.

For the first few weeks, everything went great. I was relaxed, and Steve

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was very helpful. The problem was the women. Some of them said that Steve's presence put a damper on the conversation, especially when they were discussing the sexual prowess—or lack thereof—of their husbands and boyfriends, many of whom were friends with Steve. I explained that Steve was reciprocating for me being the hostess for his football buddies, but it didn't matter to them. Finally, the girls decided to contribute ten dollars each so I could hire a maid, and they could freely gossip. The offer was appreciated, but it defeated the purpose of Steve pitching in.

Steve and I discussed the issue, and I told him I did not want to let him off the hook so easily. He shrugged his shoulders, and I looked at the pile of money sitting on the kitchen counter. Suddenly, I had a great idea. Steve is not very tall, only about five-foot-six. He is slender and has gentle facial features, including extremely fine facial hair. I smiled and suggested that I could dress him up as a woman and he could serve my guests in drag. Steve laughed like crazy. He said there was nothing I could do to make him doll up as a woman. I told him maybe there was something special I could offer him in return.

This is the second marriage for both of us. Steve is thirty-five, and I am forty. My first husband enjoyed oral sex to the point where that was almost all we ever did together. Blowing him became a boring chore rather than a sexy treat. Because of this behavior, I swore that my next lover or husband would never get a blowjob from me. For five years I stuck to my guns and denied Steve, even though I knew he'd never treat me like my ex did. I coyly suggested that if Steve permitted me to dress him as a woman, I would give him a blowjob and swallow his load.

I told him to think about the offer. I motioned to the pile of money. It was more than enough to buy him a nice outfit—nothing cheap like a French maid's outfit, but a tasteful ensemble. Three days later, Steve agreed to try it once. If the girls discovered him, it would have been at least a good joke.

That evening, Steve and I went to the mall to get his clothes. I decided on a knee-length black skirt and a long-sleeved white blouse. In the lingerie department, I selected a lacy white bra in size 38A, white nylon panties, a white garter belt and a lacy white slip. I couldn't decide if Steve would look better in black or nude stockings, so I bought a pair of each. In the shoe department, I selected a pair of black pumps with modest heels. I didn't want him tripping and falling all over the place. Lastly, we went to a wig shop. There I choose a long black curly wig that would come down past his shoulders. We passed by the makeup counters, because since Steve and I have similar coloring, I'd have everything I needed at home to transform him into my perfect housemaid.

Over the weekend, I had Steve walk around the house in his high heels in a feminine manner. I also instructed him in proper female decorum. I had him practice bending at the knees rather than bending over at the waist to pick up something. If he had to sit, I had him cross his legs in a modest fashion. Of course, I had Steve practice serving drinks and refreshments.

On the fateful day, I had Steve shave his face, legs and the backs of his hands and fingers. I filed his nails and painted them a vivid red, which would match his lip gloss. Fully made up and adorned with his black wig, Steve looked feminine and very sexy; my pussy was getting moist from the sight of him. My husband

was silent as I helped him put on the bra and then hooked him in. I rolled the nude stockings up his legs and attached them to his garter belt, slid the white nylon panties over his sexy ass, and dropped the white slip over his slender frame. Next I had Steve don the white sheer blouse, which buttoned in the back. I loved the look of the straps from the bra and slip showing through the sheer fabric of his blouse, especially the lace of the slip. He stepped into the black skirt, which also buttoned in the back. Finally, I tied a white apron around his waist. Steve looked ravishing. He decided to call his femme persona "Alana."

Alana performed her duties flawlessly. She served drinks, snacks, tea and coffee without drawing any undue attention. Of course, Alana was able to hear some rather risqué conversations, especially about some of her buddies, but she didn't say a word. At the end of the evening, some of the women told me the conversation had flowed better without Steve around. I was thrilled. We had pulled it off! When the girls left, there was another pile of ten-dollar bills on the table. The girls expected Alana to be back the following week to serve us.

Alana came over to me with a knowing grin. It was time for me to keep my end of the bargain. I stepped behind Alana, unbuttoned and removed her skirt, and told Alana to hold up her slip. I knelt before Alana and released her cock from her white panties, and she was suddenly my husband again—although clad in sexy lingerie. As I sucked on his seven-inch cock, I looked up at Steve with wanton eyes. I caressed his balls and took his cock down to the hilt, enjoying every minute of it. When he began to erupt, I took him down deep and consumed his entire load. I never had experienced such

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a tremendous amount of come from any man. After licking his dick clean, I stood up, glanced at the pile of tens, and asked if Alana was available for next week. Steve assured me she was, telling me that dressing as a woman was a small price to pay for such an expert blowjob.

We took the money and went to buy Alana another outfit. The charade continued week after week. Alana presented herself in black skirts that went from knee-length to floor-length to mini. We bought black dresses and black jumpers, as well as more frilly white blouses. As Alana became more accustomed to high heels, their height increased up to five inches.

It has been more than a year, and the girls are none the wiser, and Steve gets a blowjob every week. We did take it further than I thought Steve would be willing to go, but he seems to really enjoy dressing up as a woman. It turns him on, and not just because he knows he'll be rewarded with oral sex. Once or twice a month, I doll Alana up and we go out to dinner and a movie or a play.

In the evening, I love to dress Alana up in a nightgown and have "lesbian" sex with her. Sometimes after we have sex and my pussy is full of come, I'll have Alana lick me clean. However, I only give Steve blowjobs after book-club meetings. Our sex life has never been better!

*Ms. Larissa I.,
Portland, Oregon*

KIMI'S GANGBANG MAKES ALL HER FILTHY DREAMS COME TRUE

Kimi had always had a being-fucked-by-more-than-one-guy fantasy. A gathering of old college friends seemed the perfect chance to give her what she needed. I chose wisely, only going for the men who would be discreet and make her feel special

while this whole fantasy came true. There were only two rules, and I was firm on them. They could all fuck her, but no one other than me could lay palm on that perfect ass. No one could spank her but me. And no one could come in her. They could take their turn and move to the side. Jacking off was perfectly permissible, but no one came inside my girl.

Kimi was shocked when I introduced her to the guys and told her what could happen that night. But her surprise was brief. She knew how much I loved her, how much her fantasy got me going, and how much I wanted to see her happy. Sharing her for a night was really no big deal if it made her happy. When all was said and done she was mine, and mine she would stay. She was all for it, and so were the guys.

My best friend, Tom, from my freshman year was first. He looked a bit uncertain until he slid into her. Kimi's cunt is tight, and when wet it's pretty much blissful. She was bare-assed and wearing nothing but a white lace bra as she bent over the back of our sofa in the basement with her perfect ass in the air. Tom's fingers dug into her ample hips, and when he drove in hard enough to lift her onto her toes, my girl hung her head and moaned. When he pulled back from her, I smoothed my hand along the swell of her ass and touched her in that soft lulling way that always leaves her vibrating with arousal.

When Tom reached under her and tickled her clit, Kimi started driving her hips from side to side the way she always does when she's close to coming. Tom pulled away from her once more, and I laid down the first slap, hard enough that her back arched and her nipples appeared to harden.

"Good?" I asked, with a laugh.

"Yes, yes, yes," she chanted. Her hair swung wildly, and I knew that it

was, indeed, all good. Tom stepped aside, and I gave her three spanks before he gave her a few more thrusts of his dick. When she came, I turned to him and said, "Out." He pulled free briskly, taking his rod in hand, and moving back.

I pulled Jimmy forward and nodded. "Your turn," I told him.

Jimmy blushed a million shades of red, but when Kimi looked at him over her shoulder, her dark hair swaying around her face and her eyes a little shiny, he lost his shyness. I watched him run his cock from her clit over her slick split and to her ass before running it back down to shove inside her cunt. He was bigger than Tom, and she gasped when he entered her.

Once again, I worked in tandem with her lover. Jimmy plunged in and out of her a few times, the wet sounds of him fucking her adding to the mesmerizing site of her rosy ass jiggling. At my request, he pulled out and allowed me to sweep my fingertips and palm over her flushed skin. Her ass was the most delicious shade of pink. I slid my finger from the small of her back down her asscrack and, like magic, goose bumps appeared on her skin. I smoothed my hand over her plump bottom again, and then when she started to shake, I smacked her hard, watching a crisp handprint appear on her flesh. She moved restlessly, her hands sliding along the sofa, her body in constant chaos. I slapped her once more, stoking her lust. When I stepped aside, Jimmy thrust his cock into her a few more times, getting it slick with her juice. He withdrew, and I could see his shaft was glistening and wet. He nudged the glossy head against her asshole and waited. His eyes went first to me and then to her, searching for permission.

I gave a nod.

Kimi pushed back, groaning softly



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as she answered his query with the hungry motions of her body. Mesmerized, I watched his glans penetrate the tight ring of her ass. She moved like some wild thing, shoving her hand under her body—no doubt to rub her clit.

"Baby," she muttered softly, mewling, as he fucked her ass. I could see the barely controlled lust on his face, and when she started to cry out, coming harder than the last time, I allowed him three more thrusts before saying, "Go."

He went.

Ben was last. We'd played la-crosse together, and seeing him come at Kimi was a turn-on for some reason. The sound of the other two stroking their cocks added to the bizarre but titillating experience.

The sight of Ben's caramel-colored dick moving in between Kimi's pale thighs did me in. I adjusted my cock in my jeans. I had to remember I'd have her all to myself later. Then I moved to the other side, petting her pristine alabaster asscheek.

She gasped.

"Oh, yes, sweetheart, I'm not going to leave either side untouched." When I chuckled, Kimi sighed.

"Go on," I said to Ben and that was that. He moved her legs a bit farther apart with his knee, and she widened her stance. When he teased her soaked opening with the tip of himself, I had to bite my lip to keep my focus.

"Do it," I said, a bit too loud.

He blinked at me, and then thrust into her cunt hard enough to make her babble with excitement. And then he was fucking her—hard. Harder than the others had. The sofa moved in little bursts and jerks across the floor.

Kimi was nearly out of control. She tossed her head and bit her lip and purred. Every time Ben withdrew some, I could see the flushed bril-

liance of her cunt and I wanted to make her pale ass match.

They could all fuck her, but only I got to spank her. At my signal, Ben pulled away, and I started to swat her upturned ass, making her moan. I gave her three more short, quick blows and she came, trembling as she fingered her clit. Her pussy was so wet and her ass was so red that I just wanted to take her right there. But that would have to wait.

Ben, who was still standing next to us, grunted as he jerked his cock and came. The sight set the other two men off, and as I led Kimi away I said, "Look what you did to them."

We were entirely done with my friends, and they knew they were welcome to clean up and leave whenever they were ready.

In our bedroom, I studied her face. Her eyes were still shiny, her cheeks still blushing. "Did you like that?"

She could only nod.

"How about this?" I turned her so she could see her ass in the full-length bedroom mirror.

She smiled, looking a bit stunned, a bit drunken, and a lot beautiful.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Then show me."

I'd seen her with her ass in the air, being fucked in the pussy, being fucked in the ass, being fucked by my friends. Now I got to see her on her knees. She dropped down and took my cock in her mouth, moving her ass from side to side as she sucked me. It was what she did, how she moved, when it stung just right. I was pleased.

She pulled me out of her mouth long enough to say, "Did you like it?"

"Yes," I said, stroking her hair, slipping my cock back into her mouth. "I liked it a lot." And I did. I was already running through other possible future participants in my mind.

*Mr. Tyler W.,
Austin, Texas*



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